The Outlook

AUGUST 22, 1923

CUNO TO STRESEMANN

CUNO'S breakdown is simply symptomatic of the breakdown of Germany. To attribute Germany's present condition to the occupation of the Ruhr or to any other external cause is like attributing pneumonia to a draught on the back of the neck. It is the germs that are in Germany, not any draughts in the Ruhr or elsewhere, that are the real cause of Germany's sickness. Of course any ill nation, like any ill person, is more likely to suffer from exposure than a well one; but in Germany's case the illness is internal.

For some weeks the downfall of the Cuno Government has been foreseen, and it was only a question as to how long it could survive the economic conditions prevailing in Germany today. With the mark virtually worthless (there is no way by which it can be estimated how many million marks it would take to buy a dollar), with people of refinement starving, with property value fantastically distorted, with an industrial system untouched by war and scarcely dislocated by war's after-effects, and with a body of industrial magnates enormously rich and enormously powerful, Germany is in some respects as truly a menace to the world as she was at any time during the war, and a change of Ministry signifies as little now as it did then. Stresemann, the new Prime Minister, is the beneficiary of the rich and powerful industrialists that have their own country by the throat. It is reported that Stresemann is rich himself and was once a political agent of the most powerful of German magnates, Hugo Stinnes. He is the organizer of the German People's Party, which is known as Stinnes's. Is the new Government therefore going to carry on the same policy of destroying its currency and its credit in order to escape its obligations, while leaving the rich to grow richer and the middle class and some of the working people to starve?

Wide World Photos

GUSTAV STRESEMANN, THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR

THE BRITISH PLEA FOR GERMANY

IF anything could help Germany to move faster on the way to moral ruin, it would be the British note to Belgium and France that was issued almost simultaneously with the change in the German Ministers. To report that note at any length would be simply to repeat once more the oft-repeated arguments of Britain against the carrying out of the purposes of the Treaty which Britain herself solemnly signed. It charges, for instance, France and Belgium with an attempt to get advantages at the expense of their allies, wholly ignoring the fact that Britain, having profited by the destruction of Germany's navy and the acquisition of German colonies, now wants to get rid of her own unemployment at the expense of her allies. Perhaps the temper of Britain can best be seen displayed in a passage, not in this note to Belgium and France dated August 11, but in the note which was simultaneously made public but was dated July 20 and addressed to the Ambassadors of Belgium, France, Italy, and Japan. That British note could hardly be more obviously a plea for Germany if it had been issued by the German Government itself. It does not even recognize Germany's resistance as necessarily a difficulty in the way of the settlement of the European problems, but it says, if it is an obstacle, then his Majesty's Government will join their allies in impressing upon Germany the need of abandoning that resistance, but only on certain conditions. And these conditions the British Government did not put with an if, but with a must. These conditions are a reduction of the reparations and a plan for withdrawal from the Ruhr, amnesty for German offenders, and the establishment of a body of impartial experts from other countries, even neutrals, before which Germany and France would come virtually as equals.

The most astonishing thing about this note is that the British Government seems to see no difference whatever in the nature of the debt between what Germany owes to the Allies for trying to destroy them and what the Allies owe to one another for their common expenditure in joint resistance and mutual help.

Great Britain lays great stress upon the fact that her unemployed and her wrecked ships constitute devastation as truly as destroyed homes and factories in France, and that the British taxpayer is burdened more heavily than any other taxpayer in Europe. These facts ought to be cordially acknowledged. It is a pity that the real merits in the British case are obscured by the complacency with which the British Government ignores every consideration that interferes with British trade. The unbiased reader of the British note can hardly escape the feeling that if it were commercially profitable for Britain to back France, or if she thought it was, she would find no such obstacles as she presents in this note and no moral reasons that seem now to fortify the commercial.

It is difficult to see what good the British note can do; for it will prolong Germany's resistance without materially altering the French policy.

LEST WE FORGET BERGDOLL

BY what some would call good fortune and others Providence, the name of Bergdoll has not been allowed to sink in obscurity. Every one who reads the newspapers has been within the last few days reminded again of Glover Cleveland Bergdoll's disloyalty. A rash attempt on the part of some veterans of the war, including two or three Americans, to kidnap this arch slacker from Germany, resulted in a failure for the kidnappers and death

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to one of them. Bergdoll, who objected to fighting for his country, had no objection to fighting for his own skin, for he shot one of the men who tried to carry him out of Germany. Such a lawless kidnapping could be justified only in the way that the lawless act of the Boston Tea Party was justified or any other act of rebellion against authority. Failure is its decisive condemnation. We owe it, however, to these would-be kidnappers that the American people are reminded again of Bergdoll's infamy. Apparently Bergdoll is quite the hero in Germany.

AMERICA AND TURKEY

THIS country was not at war with Turkey in legal fact; but in heart it was at war with her, for our humanity resented the Armenian atrocities and our purpose to block German victory was resisted by Germany's Turkish ally. War broke off American diplomatic relations with Turkey; now for the first time since 1917 those relations are resumed by the signing at Lausanne of a treaty between the two nations.

It is a treaty which may be described as innocuous but not glorious. We are on "the most favored nation" basis, as shown by the Lausanne Treaty between the Allies and the Turks. What degree of favor is involved may be judged from the article in this issue of our editorial correspondent in Europe, Dr. Elbert F. Baldwin. American citizens in Turkey will now for the first time be subject to Turkish courts and laws, limited only by the right to consult non-Turkish official advisers; Americans can try to make contracts with Turks —and so can any one else; the Moslems will do as they choose over their Christian and Jewish subjects—and it is none of our business. Our educational institutions are to be treated just the same as those of other foreigners. By implication we recognize Turkey as a sovereign nation paying no reparations and stronger in Europe than she has been since the Balkan allies smashed her power. Turkey alone, we believe, of the Powers, insists against our wishes that "once a Turk always a Turk"—American naturalization will not be recognized at Constantinople.

We have the privilege of hoping that Turkey will be good and gentle. Very likely she may be. About all that is left of the old Turkey is the Caliph's Holy Beard by which Moslems vow—and we see by a picture in our contemporary the London "Sphere" that, as by law and duty bound, Abd-ul-Medjid has grown in retirement a beautiful beard and that he has now had it publicly blessed in Constantinople. Allah il Allah! The Old Turkey is gone and Ismet and Kemal have shoved the Sultan out of the picture. But the head of the Mohammedan religious world still wags his beneficent beard and giaours must be thankful for small favors.

THE PEOPLE HONOR THEIR DEAD LEADER

THE impression of the basic feeling of the people toward President Harding during the solemn and noble ceremonies at Washington is well indicated by our special correspondent in his article on another page as "the spirit of America, usually dumb and confused, but called to an hour of expression by a leader's death." The same spirit was seen in the tenseness of interest all over the land in the more personal ceremonies at Marion, and with it was evident anxious fear lest Mrs. Harding should break under the continued strain, but also pride and relief that the determination and love of the wife for the husband bore her so steadfastly through a long ordeal which might well have tested the will and strength of a stronger woman.

At Marion the President and other distinguished leaders in public life were present not as officials but as personal friends of Warren Harding. So far as circumstances permitted the tribute was not to the able President but to Warren Harding the home-lover, the friendly neighbor, and the private citizen. And the home feeling was not only that of Marion, but of Ohio. When, as dark came on, a third of the 15,000 people who desired to show their regard to the dead were still in line, Mrs. Harding said: "Don't stop the line; let them come until daylight." It was a solemn home-coming. As one writer says: "Warren Harding returns to that soil from which he sprang, from which he took that rare measure of gentleness and nobility that was his."

The simple services at Marion were honored throughout the country by tolling bells, by services in many hundreds of churches, by the closing of workshops and offices, and by the suspension of usual holiday sports and entertainments. Dignified recognition of America's grief came from abroad also on that day—in London, Paris, Brussels, Bucharest, Shanghai, and many other cities. In Westminster Abbey, at a memorial service, a simple but impressive ceremony, the crowds were so great that ar overflow meeting filled St. Margaret's Church, near by. Canon Carnegie, of the Abbey, who conducted the service paid tribute to Mr. Harding as "the chosen ruler of the world's mightiest nation."

THE EMPTY WHITE HOUSE

ABOUT an untenanted house there is a sadness wholly apart from whatever tragedy may have made it vacant. It affects not only the man at home who looks from his window upon the silent house of his neighbor newly dead, but also the traveler in strange places who comes unexpectedly upon a house standing silent and unoccupied.

For the first time in twenty-two years the White House has stood for a little space untenanted. Within that time it has stood longer vacant so far as the actual presence of the President was concerned—much longer while Mr. Wilson negotiated the peace of Versailles and quite as long on several occasions when Presidents have been away in search of rest. But not since it waited for Roosevelt to take up the labors left unfinished by McKinley had the White House been before without a master.

It was not a palace or castle that stood vacant, but the simple house which our democracy has built for its Presidents.

True, there was no outward seeming or inner fact of emptiness. Men were in and about it. It stood with all its official equipment as the home and workshop of the Nation's Chief Magistrate. In a little while, everybody knew, President Coolidge would occupy it. None the less, Washington felt, in addition to its grief at the passing of Mr. Harding, a sorrowful regret that the central house of its official life was, for the moment, lifeless. Through the days when the funeral train bore the body of the President from ocean to ocean, and even during the hour when the procession solemnly moved down the avenue to the Capitol, men and women and little children who paused by the White House fence or along the drives inside the open gates showed upon their faces the mark of that universal feeling for the home that was home no longer.

Radical doctrines may inflame the peoples of the earth. Violence may break anew upon the scenes of old desolations. Despotisms in new guises may send abroad their gourd-vine tendrils. But so long as the people

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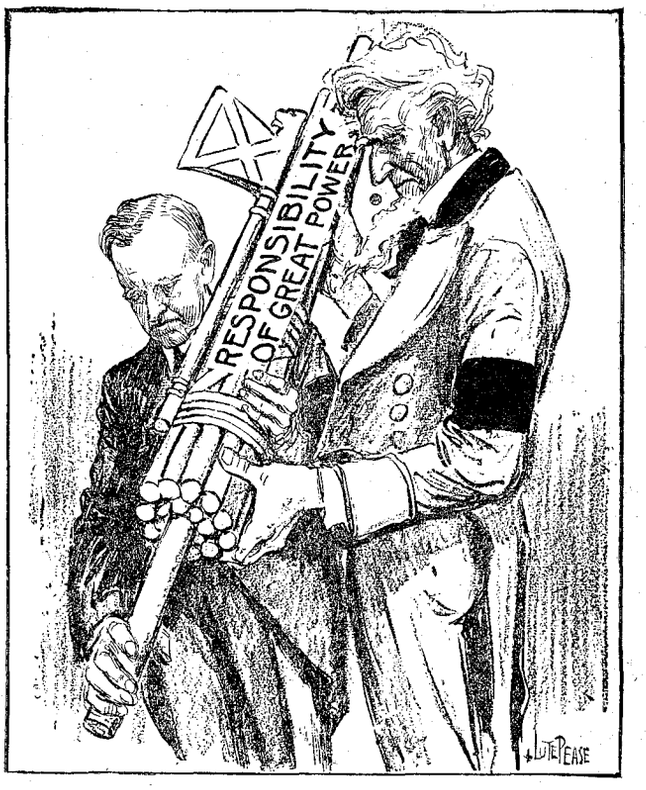
AND GIVE ME SIGNS OF FUTURE ACCIDENTS

(1 Henry VI, Act V, Scene 3)

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

NARY A WORD!

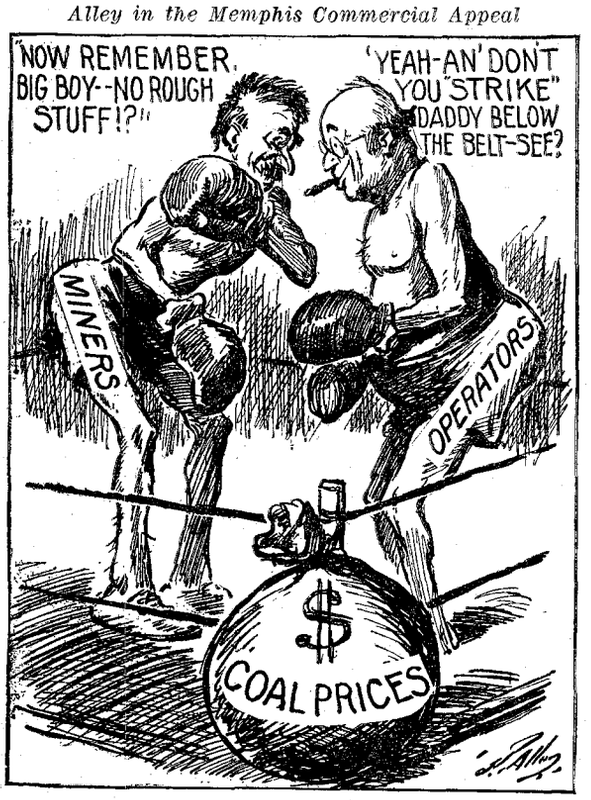
Pease in the Newark Evening News



TO NEW SHOULDERS

From Clara B. Fowler, Newark, N. J.

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal



CROWD, 100,000,000; GATE RECEIPTS—O BOY!

From Nannie H. Rice, Agricultural College, Miss.

Dorman H. Smith in the Stevens Point Daily Journal

BREAKERS AHEAD

From Alice Dawson, Stevens Point, Wis.

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look upon the official residence of the President as simply a home, imbued with the homely virtues and upon occasion with the pathos that attaches to any other home, so long is it very sure that government of the people, for the people, and by the people has not yet perished from the earth.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

SEVERAL tercentenary celebrations are being held in New England this year. Not only at Gloucester will the close of a third century of existence be recognized, but New Hampshire takes note as a State that Portsmouth and Dover began their history three hundred years ago. While this is recognized in a general way throughout the State, the chief celebrations are taking place in the cities mentioned in the course of the week beginning August 19. This week was established as Old Home Week by the State long ago. For this reason it was chosen for the celebration, for the exact date of the landing of settlers on Odiorne's Point in 1623 is not known. Odiorne's Point lies just below the mouth of the Piscataqua River, upon the banks of whose upper waters both Portsmouth and Dover were settled. The celebration includes pageants, historical addresses, parades, sports, and State exercises.

One feature of widespread interest is the dedication of the Memorial Bridge across the Piscataqua River at Portsmouth. It bears tablets in honor of the soldiers and sailors who have gone out of Portsmouth. This bridge replaces an old toll bridge and forms an entrance into Maine which is used annually by hundreds of thousands of tourists from all parts of the country in automobiles. The cost of the bridge was provided by the Federal Government, the States of Maine and New Hampshire, and for one approach by the city of Portsmouth.

The motives which led to the settlement of New Hampshire were unlike those which guided the Pilgrims to Plymouth. It was not a matter of freedom to worship in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences which brought the fishermen across the seas to take up their abode on the land granted to Mason and Gorges. It was a commercial venture in order to take advantage of the opportunities for fishing and trade which offered.

Portsmouth has preserved the memories and activities which have characterized the whole New Hampshire coast throughout its history. Portsmouth was the capital of the colony, and as such its royal governors set up small courts. This is reflected in the fine architecture and wood carving and furniture and gardens, which may still be seen in the old homes of the governors and in many other houses. Portsmouth is credited with having more beautiful old New England doorways than any other town or city. Its spirit of delicate elegance and its reputation as a place of shipbuilding have been continued to this day in the constant contact with the maritime world through the Portsmouth Navy Yard, one of the oldest in the country, and now the Atlantic submarine base.

The visitor to Portsmouth is reminded by tangible evidence that some of the best early Georgian architecture is here, and that in the State House which used to stand in Market Square New Hampshire made the Union effective as the ninth colony to adopt the Constitution. Here are relics of the early days of the lives of Daniel Webster and Jeremiah Mason; of Sir William Pepperill, the hero of Louisburg, who lived in this neighborhood; and of John Paul Jones, who sailed away from here on the Ranger after she had been launched from Badger's Island in Portsmouth Harbor. This was once the home port of the old Constitution and the point of departure of the Kearsarge on her successful search for the Alabama. Here Admiral Farragut's flagship was built, and here he died. It was at the Portsmouth Navy Yard that Admiral Cervera and the Spanish prisoners from Santiago summered; that Greely recuperated from his ill-fated Arctic expedition, and that Russia and Japan settled their difficulties. Thomas Bailey Aldrich embalmed the old Portsmouth in his famous book about his boyhood days. George Washington and the heirs of the French throne in the days of the Napoleons walked upon the old pavements that still serve as sidewalks. Portsmouth, besides being a picture book of American history, epitomizes much of that old New England that is passing, but which is still strong in the three northerly States of New England, where more than two-thirds of the stock is native-bred.

(C) Keystone

HENRY SULLIVAN, OF LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS, SWIMMING ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

CONQUERING THE CHANNEL

SOME time ago an English paper, the "Sketch," offered a prize of $5,000 for the swimmer who should first thereafter cross the English Channel from Dover to Calais. Since then there have been so many attempts or announcements of intention to compete that some one has suggested that the Channel ought to have a "traffic cop."

The prize was won on August 6 by an American athlete, Henry Sullivan; it was his seventh attempt, the first having been made in 1913. The prize has been awarded to him (although one technical requirement, that of having a representative of the "Sketch" in the boat, was not observed), for there was no question that he had accomplished the feat, fairly and fully. The passage took 27 hours and 25 minutes, for the conditions of tide and current were adverse and exhausting. An American woman, Mrs. Carson, attempted the feat on the same day, and nearly succeeded, but was forced to give up by exhaustion. A week later an Argentinian named Tiraboschi swam across in the record time of 16 hours and 33 minutes.

The English Channel swim from Dover to Calais was made by Matthew Webb in August, 1875, in 21 hours and 45 minutes. Paul Boyton in April of the same year nearly accomplished the swim clothed in a life-saving suit of his own invention, but was stopped by a French pilot two miles from shore. It is now proposed to have an annual competition in Channel swimming under official observation.

A WORSHIPER OF SUNLIGHT

SPAIN has lost one of the great artists that from time to time she gives to the world. Joaquin Sorolla y

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(C) Harris & Ewing
JOAQUIN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

WATER JOY
From the painting by Sorolla

Bastida, who died August 10 after a long illness beginning with a paralytic stroke in 1920, was born in Valencia and was a true son of its sunny clime, his work ever reflecting the cloudless sky and brilliant sun of the Spanish Mediterranean shore. His early training was in his native city, and was afterwards supplemented by study in Paris and Rome, but he remained true to his formative influences. As a painter of sunlight he won his fame. His canvases ripple with the joyous feeling of a sun-worshiper. Such scenes as "The Swimmers," "The Bath," "Water Joy" (reproduced above), and countless others reveal the zest and power of Sorolla's grasp of subjects in which sunlight was supreme. Such was his delight in these brilliant themes that one critic has exclaimed, "Not Turner nor Monet paints so directly blinding shafts of sunlight as has this Spaniard!"

But sunlight pictures were not Sorolla's only themes. He was a prolific and versatile painter of portraits. He painted not only the King and Queen of Spain but many notable Americans. During his visit to this country in 1909 the Hon. William H. Taft, Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Mrs. Archer M. Huntington, and others were the fortunate subjects of his brush. The crowning work of his career, indeed, was the result of his visit to America. This consists of a group of portraits of Spanish artists and a "Panorama of the Forty-nine Provinces of Spain," these pictures having been finished at the end of his working career and brought to America last year by his son. They were placed on exhibition in the galleries of the Hispanic Society's Museum in New York. It was in the same repository of Spanish treasures that in 1909 a great exhibition of Sorolla's work was held. This was one of the most popular art exhibitions ever known in the city. A hundred and fifty thousand visitors, it is said, saw these pictures within one month.

Thus it will be seen that, unlike many less fortunate artists, Sorolla enjoyed a full measure of popularity during his lifetime. His fame had become established when his exhibits at the Paris Exposition of 1900 brought him appointment as Knight of the Legion of Honor. His work holds a prominent place in the great public galleries of Madrid, Paris, Venice, Berlin, and New York. The American metropolis especially appealed to him. He said of it, "You have the sun here and the blue sky. In Paris it rains, and in London there is always fog, but here the sun shines much of the time."

Sorolla was personally a man of modest and engaging qualities, an industrious worker, and one who remained unspoiled by the popularity which came to him in almost overwhelming measure. His fame in the future will probably be that of a consummate pictorial artist rather than a great interpreter of the emotions, but within his range he gave a new impulse to art and a new delight to millions.

WHAT PRESIDENT COOLIDGE FACES

KINGS are spared the burden of politics. Politicians are spared the burden of royalty. The President of the United States is spared neither.

To maintain the dignity of his great office, to serve as the symbol of the unity of a great people, to hold unrivaled this mighty Nation's executive power, and at the same time to guide a party, to be the determiner of the Nation's policies, to practice under conditions of extreme responsibility the political art, is the twofold duty of the President of the United States. There are thus in the Presidential office two sometimes conflicting functions. Any man who attains skill in the Presidential office is fit to be either king or prime minister, because he has practiced being both. To play this dual rôle without confusing the characters constitutes the chief and the one continuous problem of any man who is President.

This is the first problem which Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, faces. He cannot have reached his present position without a conception of that office. Every other problem which he faces will be solved according to that conception.

As Chief Executive he must determine his attitude toward the other

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branches of the Government and toward the people. As political leader he must determine his attitude toward the Republican party and toward the coming Presidential election. An exalted sense of the Chief Executive's function and a keen appreciation of the requirements of politics may come in conflict. The country will watch Mr. Coolidge's course in adjusting these conflicting functions and will judge him as the Nation has judged every President it has had, chiefly by the conception of the Presidency that he shows in action.

If he is content to rest his claim to fame on his achievements as President during the next nineteen months and then retire, he will not fulfill the double function of the Presidency, for he will have ceased to be his party's leader. If, on the other hand, he accepts the duties of party leadership, he can hardly avoid becoming a candidate for the Republican nomination next year. If he is to become a candidate at the Presidential Convention with any prospect of success, he must built his organization quickly—in barely more than nine months.

If President Harding had lived, and his own health and his wife's health had permitted, he would almost certainly have been nominated for reelection. No party in power can decline to renominate the President on the record of whose Administration it appeals to the people without inviting defeat. The voters are not going to approve of a party which does not indorse its own record. Nothing short of a revolution within the party itself, transforming the party in power into an opposition party, could politically justify the party's repudiation of its own Administration. When, however, the President dies in office and the Vice-President takes his place, there is no such commitment on the part of the party to the new President as there was to the old. There is thus no reason to expect President Coolidge to be renominated by any other process than a political struggle. If therefore Mr. Coolidge is to be the leader of his party, he must fight for the leadership. He is in the peculiar position of being virtually forced by his office to enter into a struggle to retain it.

That struggle will be affected largely, however, by the course which President Coolidge pursues as Chief Magistrate. If he simply continues on the momentum imparted to the Administration by his predecessor, he will not be really President himself, but simply a Vice-President acting as President for one who is dead. It is scarcely conceivable that President Coolidge will wish to avoid personal responsibility in this way. He must, in loyalty to his party and in conformity with his own wish and the country's wish as determined at the last Presidential election, carry on the Harding policies from wherever Mr. Harding dropped them, but he must carry them on, not in Mr. Harding's way, but in his own.

Political observers are generally agreed that as a leader of his party President Coolidge will find his most difficult problems in the field of foreign affairs. Public opinion concerning foreign policy is quite disregardful of party lines and is affected by emotions that are not in their nature political. There are many people in this country who because of German ancestry or birth are more concerned with the effect of America's foreign policy on Germany than they are with the effect of America's foreign policy on America. There are people who, leaving behind their native countries in Europe, have not left behind their feelings toward their whilom neighbors. Even Americans with long American ancestry have not all a detached and impartial view of England, for they have sentiments developed by acquaintance with English literature that is of itself an American inheritance. So any proposal of co-operation or joint action with European countries arouses old distrusts or old loyalties that have nothing whatever to do with American political parties. President Coolidge, therefore, is encountering the same difficulties that President Wilson and President Harding encountered in attempting to formulate any constructive and positive foreign policy that will not split his party. For the present this difficulty is symbolized by the issue of the World Court as three years ago it was symbolized by the issue of the League of Nations. And yet neither the World Court nor the League of Nations to-day is the fundamental issue in our foreign policy. The real question before America is not about settling some future dispute but about bringing to a just conclusion the war in which America was a belligerent. As long as it remains undetermined whether Germany shall escape the consequences of her aggression and of her defeat America has a duty which will remain unperformed. Calvin Coolidge has a great opportunity to make clear to the world that America's first concern in foreign affairs is that Germany's attempt to rise at the cost of her neighbors be permanently frustrated.

In domestic policies there are many questions.

Most acute is the coal crisis brought on by the threat of the anthracite strike. With that we deal elsewhere in this issue.

Closely affiliated are the questions involved in the Railroad Labor Board. Mr. Harding created the Railroad Labor Board, and in a measure the railway managers oppose it. It is a Governmental recognition of the existence of a chronic state of war in the transportation industry. Will Mr. Coolidge's maintenance of the Harding policies prevent him from modifying that Board and its functions? We do not think it ought. The consolidation of the railways of the country presents another problem. Mr. Harding advocated this. Most of the radical elements of the country oppose it except those that look to some consolidation through Government ownership.

The soldiers' bonus remains a question. In that issue Congress was on one side and the President on the other; and, strangely, the country as a collection of States seemed to be with Congress, while as a Nation it seemed to be with the President. Mr. Coolidge will have to determine his own course on this question.

Most pressing of all domestic questions, aside from the coal shortage, is the state of agriculture and the closely allied matter of transportation rates on the articles which farmers produce and consume. The farmers believe that their difficulties are not due to uncontrollable causes, and they will hold Mr. Coolidge responsible, not according as he follows the Harding policies, but according as he takes measures to control what is controllable for the farmers' relief.

There are also certain questions that are partly domestic and partly foreign. These can be summed up in the words Porto Rico, Philippines, Cuba, and Mexico.

Other questions which for lack of space cannot here be enumerated will test Mr. Coolidge's initiative as Executive and skill as a political leader.

The danger in the next nine months seems to us to lie in the possibility that Mr. Coolidge will let political caution and a commendable regard for slow and sure progress hamper his

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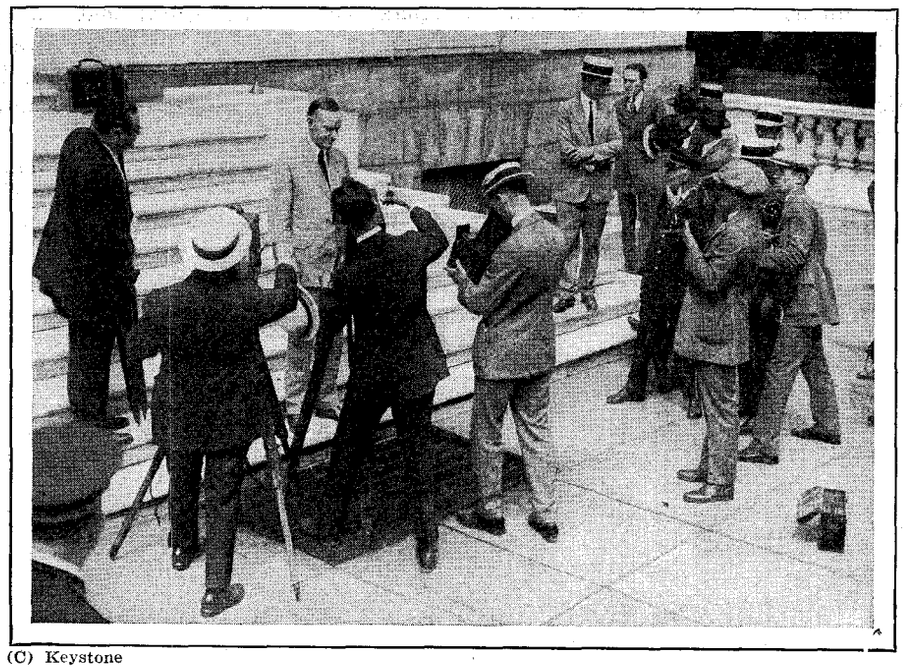

(C) Keystone

THE NEW PRESIDENT SUBJECTED TO A CAMERA BOMBARDMENT

freedom as the Nation's Chief Executive. This danger is accompanied with another, namely, that the people of the country, recognizing the peculiar difficulties under which he assumes office, will demand and expect too little of him.

STOP TALKING, AND MINE COAL

WITH the near approach of September the absence of agreement between the anthracite miners and operators has threatened a strike like that of last year. The public indignation and impatience at the situation has grown overwhelming, and the opinion has been widely expressed that even at the last minute some kind of agreement must and will be reached which will permit of the mining of coal, even although the disputed points have not been settled.

The importance of the third party to this controversy has never been so fully recognized as now. The consumer of anthracite is making himself heard in a vehement and almost vociferous manner. Bearing in mind President Coolidge's remark at the time of the Boston police strike, that "There is no right to strike against the public safety, by anybody, anywhere, at any time," it has been generally felt that the new President would not allow things to drift in this matter. His anxious interest in the situation is shown in the fact that it was at his special request that the Coal Commission last week called a conference of committees of anthracite operators and miners to meet immediately in New York City. The former Vice-President, Mr. Marshall, himself a member of the Coal Commission, is quoted as saying that if an agreement was not reached at once for the continuance of work in the mines "either Chairman Hammond or the full Commission will go to President Coolidge for orders."

It is significant in this connection that the recent report of the Coal Commission, among its recommendations to Congress, urged that authority be given to the President to seize and operate coal mines in the event of a strike. This report also declared that "the public is unwilling to tolerate a product upon which its very life depends made the plaything of a militant group action."

Another suggestion in this second report of the Commission evidently had in view the opposition of the mine workers to arbitration and their desire rather to continue the system of bargaining with the operators for contracts that has been in force since President Roosevelt's Commission settled the strike of 1902. It is that a "continuing umpire" should sit with the Conciliation Board and that disputed points should be referred to this umpire. Still another notable point in the Commission's report was its condemnation of "irresponsible propaganda" and "loose and often swashbuckling" appeals to the public.

We have already pointed out the absurdity of a situation that ignores the complaints and threatened discomfort of the consumers, who continue to pay excessive prices for coal while the other two parties to the quarrel in a leisurely way discuss questions the existence of which should not prevent the continued production of coal.

That coal consumers will not remain helpless and ignored has been lately indicated in two ways. One is the marked increase of the perfectly practical plan of using more substitutes for coal, that is, either certain grades of bituminous coal or oil. A committee of investigation in Massachusetts, bearing in mind the excessive discomfort in New England last winter, have openly recommended a boycotting of anthracite in favor of substitutes if another strike should occur. A letter from Mr. Warriner, Chairman of the Operators' Committee, frankly acknowledges the fact that the anthracite industry "must compete in quality and service with other fuels." The Massachusetts committee states positively that "anthracite has become at once uncertain in supply and excessive almost to the point of being a luxury." The Coal Commission has also recognized this aspect of the case.

Another indication of the growing impatience of consumers is seen in an attempt in New Hampshire to organize a National coal consumers' league. Theoretically at least, such a league, properly organized, with local branches in many places, should be able to give the consumers' interest a corporate rather than an individual expression. Our impression of the plan sent us by Mr. F. L. Pugsley, an attorney of Henniker, New Hampshire, is that it is somewhat too drastic and detailed, and that the exact methods to be followed by such a National league should be determined upon only after its formation and by representative methods. The general principle of a combination of consumers to meet on even ground the combinations of labor and capital is, however, well worthy of consideration.

It is very probable that by the time this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers a reasonable plan for conference may be reached. Such a solution should certainly include as its first and foremost requirement an agreement to continue mining while discussion goes on. At present it is only fair to point out that the operators, as shown in Mr. Warriner's letter above referred to, are willing to arbitrate all issues (including even the check-off, which at first they refused to consider) and are also to be cred-

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ited with willingness to enter into a joint pledge that no suspension of work should take place on September first, a proposal which was refused by the United Mine Workers.

The deadlock that exists as we write is a tacit threat to the public. If the two warring parties allow it to continue, they need not be surprised to find that the President, Congress, and the people at large may be stirred to drastic and effective legislation that will make such a state of affairs impossible in the future.

THE SAVAGERY OF PARTISANSHIP

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

AMONG my pleasant recollections is one of a day, twenty years ago, that I spent on board the spacious and comfortable steam yacht of a friend and neighbor on the coast of Maine. The guest of honor was ex-Speaker David B. Henderson, now dead, a veteran of the Civil War and a member of the House of Representatives, I think, from Iowa. As we cruised among the islands of Penobscot Bay he regaled us with delightful stories of his political and personal experiences. He was born in Scotland, and, although he came to this country as a child, his mind was stored with anecdotes and reminiscences of the Scotch character.

One story, and only one, of all those he told has remained in my mind. It was of a dear old Scotch woman, in the little village in Aberdeenshire where Speaker Henderson was born, whose temper was so sweet and whose kindliness was so all-inclusive that she never could be persuaded to share in the village gossip or in the family criticism of her neighbors. She always had a good word to say of the worst offender. This gentle amiability sometimes irritated her two daughters, who felt that their mother ought occasionally to sympathize with their strictures of people whose theology or conduct was not quite up to the accepted standards. At last they hit upon a plan of getting a word of denunciation from her. She was very devout and one of the pillars of the village kirk. So one day, sure of their ground, by a preconcerted plan one of them said to her: "Weel, mither, what d'ye think o' the Deil?" Fully expecting an outburst against the abominations of Satan, they were surprised and chagrined to have her reply, after a moment's thought: "Weel, bairnie, I think he's a verra industrious pairson." After this they gave up in despair any attempt to shake their mother's habitual impulse to see the good in everybody.

This kind old Scotch mother would not have made a good partisan either in the Church or in politics. The hidebound characteristics of political partisanship defined by Hume, the English historian and philosopher, are, unfortunately, as true to life to-day as when he described them in 1741:

> Those who either attack or defend a minister in such a government as ours, where the utmost liberty is allowed, always carry matters to an extreme, and exaggerate his merit or demerit with regard to the public. His enemies are sure to charge him with the greatest enormities, both in domestic and foreign management; and there is no meanness or crime of which, in their judgment, he is not capable. Unnecessary wars, scandalous treaties, profusion of public treasure, oppressive taxes, every kind of maladministration, is ascribed to him. To aggravate the charge, his pernicious conduct, it is said, will extend its baneful influence even to posterity, by undermining the best constitution in the world and disordering that wise system of laws, institutions, and customs by which our ancestors, during so many centuries, have been so happily governed. He is not only a wicked minister in himself, but has removed every security provided against wicked ministers for the future.

Luckily for the English-speaking peoples of the world, bitterness and epithets seem to satisfy the most violent feelings of partisanship. Our political passions are verbal in their expression. Carried to their natural conclusion they ought to lead to assassination and revolution. In this respect our neighbors in Mexico and Central America are perhaps more logical than we are, for when they say that a President or a Cabinet Minister is wicked, scandalous, dishonest, and dangerous to the security of government they shoot him!

It is curious to look back over the history of the United States and see what partisanship has said of American statesmen whose memories are now idolized without regard to party. No soldier or statesman in the whole history of civilization, perhaps, comes nearer deification than George Washington. For the whole modern world he is the very pattern of nobility of character and of unselfish patriotism. Socialists and capitalists, democrats and aristocrats, churchmen and freethinkers unite to-day in paying him their sincere tributes of respect, honor, and admiration. It must be, we naturally suppose, that his own country in his lifetime was a unit in respecting him. The fact, however, is that he was also a victim of savage partisanship. We are told by F. S. Oliver in his Life of Alexander Hamilton that on March 4, 1797, the day when Washington retired from the Presidency into private life, the "Aurora," a newspaper organ of the anti-Federalists, published in Philadelphia, said of him almost in these exact words: "This day should be celebrated as a day of jubilee throughout the United States; for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes in this country is about to step into well-merited oblivion." Senator Beveridge, in his Life of John Marshall, states that the "Aurora" accused Washington of peculation; and in 1795 it permitted a correspondent to make a scandalous attack upon the President, whom we call the Father of his Country, in the course of which occurs this pleasant sentence: "The consecrated ermine of Presidential chastity seems too foul for time itself to bleach."

Among the founders of our Republic John Marshall, Special Ambassador to France, Member of Congress, Secretary of State, and Chief Justice, is one of the noblest figures. He was as upright as Washington and more human in his sympathies. His transparent honesty, his personal charm, his devotion to his family, his fairness, his respect for those from whom he differed, his modesty, the total absence of rancor or ill nature from his expressions of opinion, his patience, his geniality, did endear him to his intimates and must have assured him, we should suppose, at least the kindly regard of his political opponents. But no! Here are some of the phrases with which he was attacked in the "Aurora," with the apparent approval of Thomas Jefferson: "The whole stock of National indignation and contempt would be exhausted before the half of your just claims could be discharged;" "You are a disgrace to the bench of justice;" "You are forever doomed to blot the fair page of American history, to be held up as an example of infamy and disgrace, of perverted talent and unpunished crim-

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inality, a foe to liberty and a traitor to your country." After the trial of Aaron Burr the effigy of Justice Marshall was dragged through the streets of Baltimore and "hanged by the neck until the executioner pronounced the stuffed figure to be dead."

The literature of political reminiscence is full of the most extraordinary and incredible stories of partisan bitterness. This bitterness has been visited even upon children. Cotter Morrison in his Life of Edward Gibbon, probably the only man whose fame and fortune were made by the fall of the Roman Empire, quotes Gibbon as saying that, as a child of nine in 1746, he "was reviled and buffeted for the sins of his Tory ancestors," such was the passion of party spirit. And, *per contra*, about the worst denunciation that Dr. Johnson could think of to apply to a controversial opponent was to call him "a Whig dog."

In modern times the great political leaders have all been victims of personal abuse. Lincoln was accused of obscene vulgarity; Cleveland, of cruelty; Gladstone, of insanity; Roosevelt, of drunkenness. One of the very few modern statesmen who appears to have escaped the foul torrent of personal gossip and personal abuse was President Harding. At least if there were any stories current in the clubs and the smoking-cars detrimental to his personal character I have never heard them.

Is it too much to hope that the universal feeling of kindliness and neighborly consideration which his tragic death has aroused will arrest, in this country at any rate, the tendency to employ personal abuse in political controversy?

In this respect American sportsmanship has made greater progress than American politics. Even prize-fighters knock each other down without striking foul blows for which they are now universally penalized by the referees and hissed by the spectators. Roosevelt's aphorism drawn from the customs and manners of the football gridiron is a good one for the political arena: "Don't flinch; don't foul; but hit the line hard!" Like Speaker Henderson's good old Scotch mother-in-Israel, ought we not to give the Democratic, or the Republican, or the Socialistic, or the Capitalistic, or the I. W. W. devil his due?

THE CONQUERING TURK

HOW HE CAME OUT AT THE TECHNICAL END OF THE WORLD WAR THIS SUMMER

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

A SMALLISH, modest-looking man has just taken his place at a long table and has begun to write. He is signing the Treaty of Lausanne.

The unassuming man has rather a spiritual countenance, compared with the more apparently practical and harder faces of his colleagues. Yet he is in very truth "the conquering Turk." He is Ismet Pasha, Generalissimo of the Turkish Army and head of the Turkish delegation at the International Conference of Lausanne, called to conclude a peace, closing alike Turkey's part in the World War and her part in the Greek War. No soldier could seem more unsoldierly than does Ismet as he stands there in quiet civilian dress, his head and hair looking like a scholar's, but this slight, slender figure commanded the forces that pushed 150,000 Greek troops and 1,500,000 civilian Greeks into the sea. Nor could any diplomat seem less traditionally diplomatic, yet here at Lausanne he has swept the representatives of the Western world before him.

He is the protagonist of the New Turkey. We all know what the old has been in trickery, tyranny, and oppression. The New, it declares, will have none of the old. It proclaims itself a modern democracy. It is resolved to have all the rights of a sovereign state. Ismet asserts: "We are now on an equality with the Powers and will have the ability and force to remain there." And he in the one hundred and seventy days of the Lausanne Conference (many of them days closer to war than peace) has carried through his claims without losing his large personal popularity, until the resultant treaty, now being signed, is a Turkish victory all along the line.

Drunk with increasing success Ismet may have been, but he has known how, not only to insist obstinately on extreme sovereign rights, but to win them in amazing degree. One after another he has tipped over the cherished privileges of the Powers in Turkey—commercial, economic, educational, judicial, religious—and demands instead that he shall be trusted to insure justice without guaranties. For instance, the four-hundred-year-old system of Capitulations, or protection to foreigners (benefiting Turks quite as much as foreigners), is abolished; henceforth foreigners will be subject to Turkish law and procedure (all that they are conceded is the report to the consuls or to the foreign legal counselors of the arrests of foreigners!), and how long will the corrupt Turkish courts stand the strain of trying to seem good? Nor will sovereign Turkey concede anything to unsovereign Armenia; not only is no Armenian National Home to be erected, the Turkish Government will have the right to forbid the return of those Armenians whom it regards as peace disturbers. Moreover, Turkey may now keep as many men under arms as she pleases and build as many ships as she wants, but in six months no foreign warship will be allowed to anchor in the Straits! Gone will be the symbols of protection to the minority populations. Furthermore, in contrast to the unratified Treaty of Sèvres, Turkey pays no reparations to the Allies and gains the Smyrna and Thrace regions, taken from her by that Treaty. In 1917–18 Turkey was to be put off the Continent of Europe; 1923 finds her back again, assured of more terrtiory than she had before the World War. It seems incredible that the Powers should give this unheard-of chance to an untried governmental force. It seems as if they, rather than Turkey, had killed something and as if we had gathered here for the obsequies.

The Treaty of Lausanne thus registers a seemingly fatal and certainly humiliating surrender by the Powers. But it also registers some things implicit in the text. They may not impossibly prove ultimately to be an offset for Turkish victory. The first is the freedom of the Straits. The second is the smashing of the Turco-Bolshevist alliance. The third is the emergence of Arabia, freed from Turkish tutelage and blight. The fourth is the chance of dealing more directly with the whole Near Eastern

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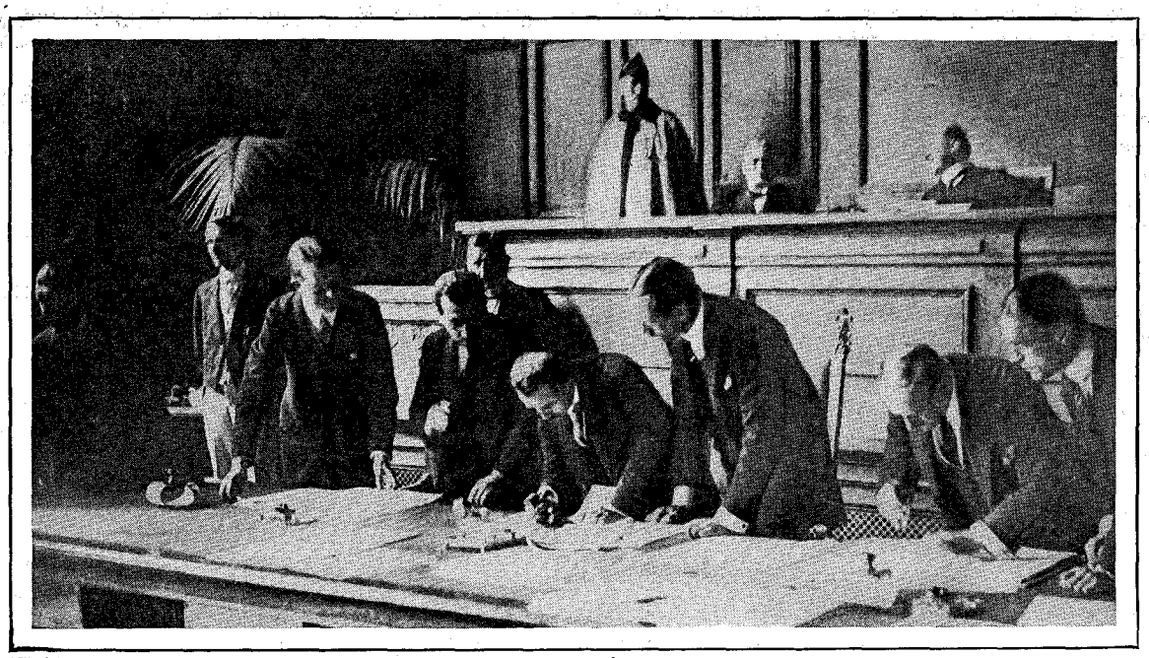

(C) Keystone

ISMET PASHA, TURKEY'S REPRESENTATIVE, SIGNING THE PEACE TREATY AT LAUSANNE

question because of the removal of uncertainty. All these things may, indeed should, aid the New Turkey also to strengthen and concentrate herself. On the other hand, they may help her to saw her perhaps perverse self off on a very short limb.

As the sessions of the International Conference have taken place at the Château d'Ouchy, at the lower end of the town on the Lake of Geneva, the signatures to the treaty would have been fitly affixed in that historic edifice; but a larger room than any there was needed to accommodate all those who had a claim to be present. So this Aula, or hall of the University, up here in the heart of Lausanne, was chosen—not such a great hall either. It contains some four hundred seats, a fraction of those in demand for to-day's ceremony.

The interior is amazingly frescoed. For example, on the wall facing us in one scene are a number of famous buildings—the Cathedrals of Paris and Rheims (the latter in flames), the Ducal Palace at Venice, the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, and others.

This university building, called the Palais de Rumine, occupies one side of the Place de Riponne—a great market square, to-day cleared of all the market booths, swept, and garnished, for all around stand very many small trees in tubs and newly made potted-flower beds. Behind these has been erected a fence, and behind it is a mass of thousands of Lausannois ready to point out the delegates in their top hats and long coats, as those personages sweep up in their aristocratic motor cars. Mine was perforce a democratic street car, and as I alighted at the corner of the square some moments before the other ticket-holders came, I had the experience of for once being the observed of all observers—having to walk across the great open space alone. Once inside the Palais de Rumine and advancing up the main stairway, I suddenly came upon the majesty of the Swiss Confederation—namely, two motionless figures in gorgeous dress, living statues, standing at attention. This majesty was further typified by the mace-bearer, who preceded M. Scheurer, President of the Confederation, when that dignitary arrived. The domestics, in their Lincoln green dress coats, also gave a touch of color to the otherwise sober-looking assemblage, albeit in its best bib and tucker.

The Swiss President mounts the rostrum, followed by Vice-President Chuard (President next year) and ex-President Schulthess. The President opens the meeting. His words seem hammered out, such a remove are the Swiss from the more flexible voices of France. He states the object of the assemblage and immediately calls for the signatures.

After the signature of the conquering New Turkey, now a nation reduced from 25,000,000 in the old Turkish Empire to some 7,000,000 people, come the signatures of the countries representing the opposing interest—countries of hundreds of millions of peoples, of vast and supposedly invincible armies and navies, and of "the last word" in civilization. Yet the tail wags the dog. Coming from the right of the long table, the little Turkish tail has wagged, as per Ismet's signature. The big dog is now represented. First, naturally, by Britain. With no very joyous mien, a veritable John Bull, with true British phlegm, Sir Horace Rumbold, Ambassador at Constantinople and head of the British delegation, signs for it in the absence of Lord Curzon, British Foreign Minister and head of the delegation here during the first half of the Conference. Sir Horace's face was impassive enough, but I will wager that he was thinking of Lloyd George's affirmation that, in British opinion, the Turks were not to be treated as a civilized people. France comes appropriately next, and here again General Pellé—Gallic indeed in alertness and intelligence—signs for her; he has been the French delegation's chief during the latter half of the Conference, replacing MM. Barrère and Bompard. And of what was the French delegate thinking? I venture to say it was of Francis I, who obtained the first capitulation from a Turkish Sultan! General Pellé is signing away the last. Marquis Garroni follows, the head of the Italian delegation and a jolly diplomat of the old school. Then comes Japan. All these representatives of the Great Powers differ enough in national type to suggest thoughts as to the remarkable success attained in keeping Allied strength intact throughout the Conference. They completed the front row to the left of the long table.

In the row behind them now takes his seat the representative of a small Power—one just defeated in war—Greece. But for statecraft none of the representatives of the Great Powers are in the same class with Veniselos. Nor even at Lausanne have any of those representatives I see before me won what he has. For he has succeeded in wresting two very hard things to wrest from the Turk—the preservation of the Greek Patriarchate at Constantinople, and also Greek exemption from reparations payment

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to Turkey at the negligible cost to Greece of the tiny slice of Karagatch territory. Moreover, Greece is the one signatory to emerge notably stronger in military power at the end of the Lausanne Conference than she was at the beginning. Turkey took note of this, the only language she understands and heeds.

England, however, has been and remains strong in arms at Constantinople; that is why the Anzac graves are going to be preserved by Turkey and why the Mosul question has been soft-pedaled.

Another state, Rumania, also signs as full signatory; others, Belgium and Portugal, sign only certain annexed protocols and conventions. Jugoslavia refuses to sign at all; she will not recognize the part of the old Ottoman debt assigned to her as owning old Turkish provinces.

Now follows an address from M. Scheurer, the only discourse at the Conference. Instead of addresses by themselves at this ceremony, the delegates united in sending to President Scheurer a letter of appreciation of Swiss hospitality. Speaking of this opportunity to be hospitable, the President said: "It is our privilege to thank you for the great honor you have shown Switzerland in choosing our country as the seat of your deliberations. You have thus given to us the occasion of participating in an act which tallies exactly with our situation among the nations and of again connecting our country's name with a task of peace and reconciliation. . . . May this day always be to the peoples a source of happiness and benediction!" So may it be. Yet most of us have an uneasy feeling that the clash of East and West at Lausanne has brought, not justice, but only peace, and a doubtful peace at that.

With the word *bénédiction*, the Conference of Lausanne ended its existence. As we filed out, we suddenly realized that to-day, July 24, 1923, technically marks the close of the World War. It began July 28, 1914. It has been a long time in ending. There were the armistices of 1918, rightly regarded as marking that close. There were the treaties of 1919, with Germany, Austria, Bulgaria. There were the treaties of 1920 with Hungary, and also the unratified one with Turkey, hence final peace could not be dated from its signing. Now comes one with good prospects for ratification. If they are realized, the World War will have juridically lasted nine years less four days.

Lausanne, July 24, 1923.

IS THE PRESIDENCY A "HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION"?

BY DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

"I CAN'T see why any one should want to be President, especially after he'd been in Washington for these past five years. But here I am, asking you folks to support me in your primary!"

Warren G. Harding, Senator from Ohio, was talking to a crowd of Indiana townspeople and country folk in the tiny auditorium of the Greencastle Court House, about a month before the Chicago Convention. Just a few days before General Leonard Wood had swooped down on the little town in his energetic campaign. The University battalion had paraded, the bands had played, the General had delivered a humorless, fiercely serious address. And now came this big, easy-going Ohioan. There were no bands nor troops; perhaps a hundred people filed into the Court House to attend the meeting. The Senator stood in the corridor, leaning against a pillar, cigarette in hand, hat shoved informally to the back of his head, as he talked to the overalled farmers and coatless, gallused tradesmen. The local chairman called the meeting to order, and the broad-shouldered "neighbor from Ohio" arose. He began a set speech, then noticed in front a row of the town's ancients. This led the campaigner to genial reminiscence of former campaigns and campaigners—of Blaine and Harrison and Hanna. It was while he was in this easy mood of reminiscence that he said, half to himself it seemed: "I can't see why any one should want to be President."

In recent years wise men have been gravely concerned over the wide disparity between the complex society which our age of science has reared and the *intellectual* feebleness of man confronted with the problem of controlling his Frankenstein monster. Of equal gravity is the race between the increasing complexity of our National Government and the *physical* limitations of the few men who must administer its affairs. At the time Warren Harding spoke in that little Hoosier court-room he had in his mind the picture of the then Chief Executive of the Nation, lying on an invalid's bed, stricken down by the terrific strain of his task; he was remembering the bitterness of that President's clash with a hostile Senate and press; he recalled his heart-breaking struggle in Paris. And, for the moment, the game which had cost Woodrow Wilson his health and strength did not seem worth the candle to Warren Harding. A little more than three years later the dead body of this same Warren Harding was lying in state under the great marble dome of the Capitol.

It is not alone in the case of the Presidency that the physical limitations of man are being overrun in the administration of the Government. When Joseph Story was a member of the United States Supreme Court, in the thirties of the last century, the duties were so light that in the course of a single year he was able to hear cases in his circuit, teach law at Harvard, write his monumental treatise on the Conflict of Laws, and with the other eight members give careful and learned consideration to the cases brought before the full bench! Since those early days Congress has often sought to lighten the burden of the Justices; they no longer return to their circuits to hear cases; time after time the classes of cases in which appeal lies to the Supreme Court has been cut down. Yet to-day the court of last resort is years behind on its docket of important cases; hundreds of cases or petitions for hearing must be disposed of in the time which in the early days might have been given to a single one; intricate problems of a rapidly changing industrial society must be decided (in effect, irrevocably decided), with little aid from precedents, by men who are often near exhaustion under the continuous pressure of their task. It is inevitable that judgments rendered under such circumstances should be, on the whole, inferior in wisdom and legal soundness to those written in the calmer, more leisurely days of Story and Johnson and Marshall, of Marbury vs. Madison, and the Charles River Bridge case.

There are some who would urge that the fate of our last two Presidents only illustrates in a dramatic way that the country is fast approaching the limit of its development on present lines of organization, simply because of the limited physical endurance of human beings intrusted with the destiny of the Nation. It may be, however, that the way out involves no more than a more prudent division of responsibility in our Government; it may be that medical science can furnish some relief. But, at all events, the seriousness of this gap between the terrific task of governing and the limited strength of the men selected for the work should be realized by all thoughtful citizens.

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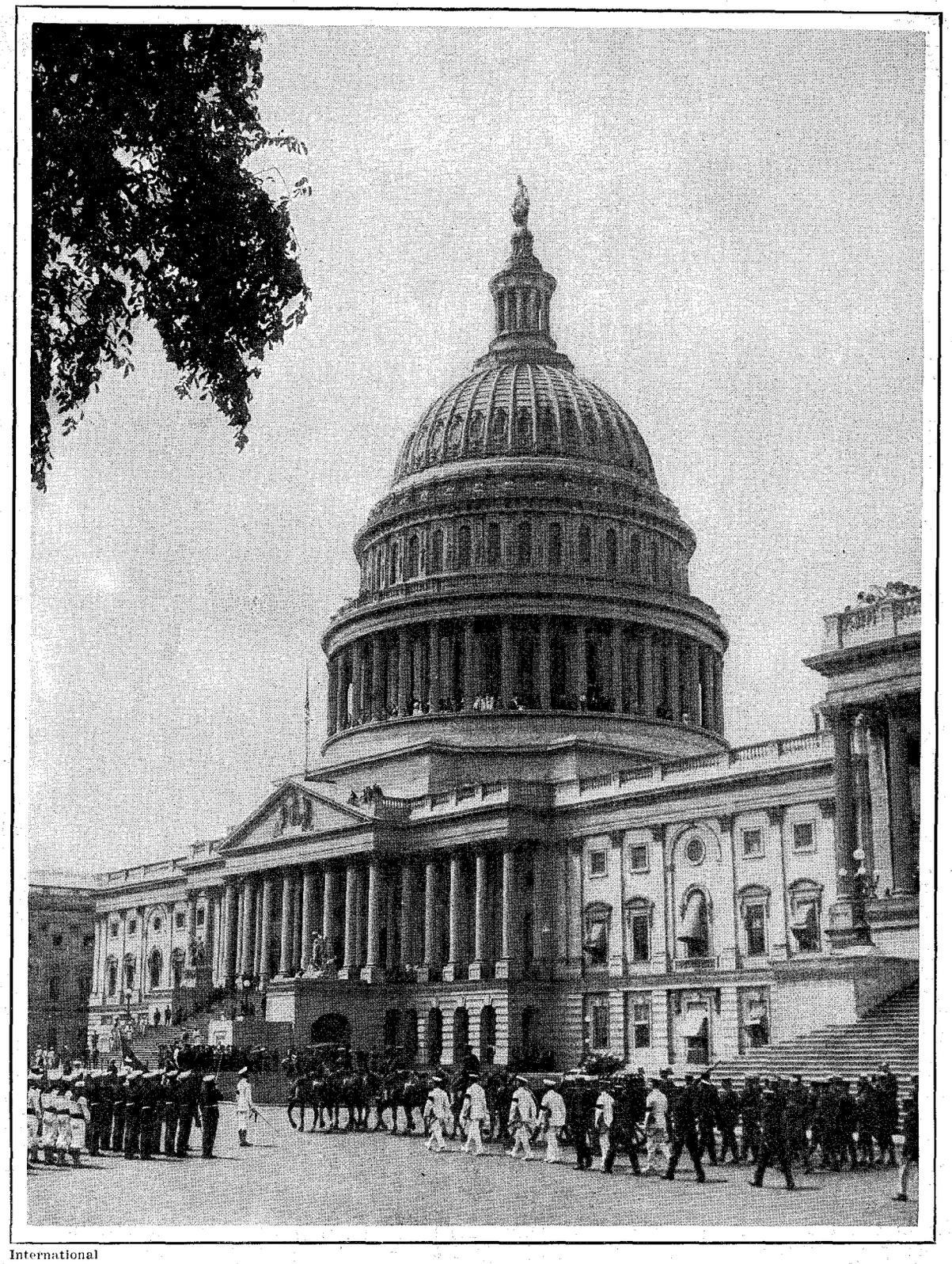

International

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION ARRIVING AT THE CAPITOL

THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT HARDING—

Special correspondence, "A Nation Honors Its Servant,"

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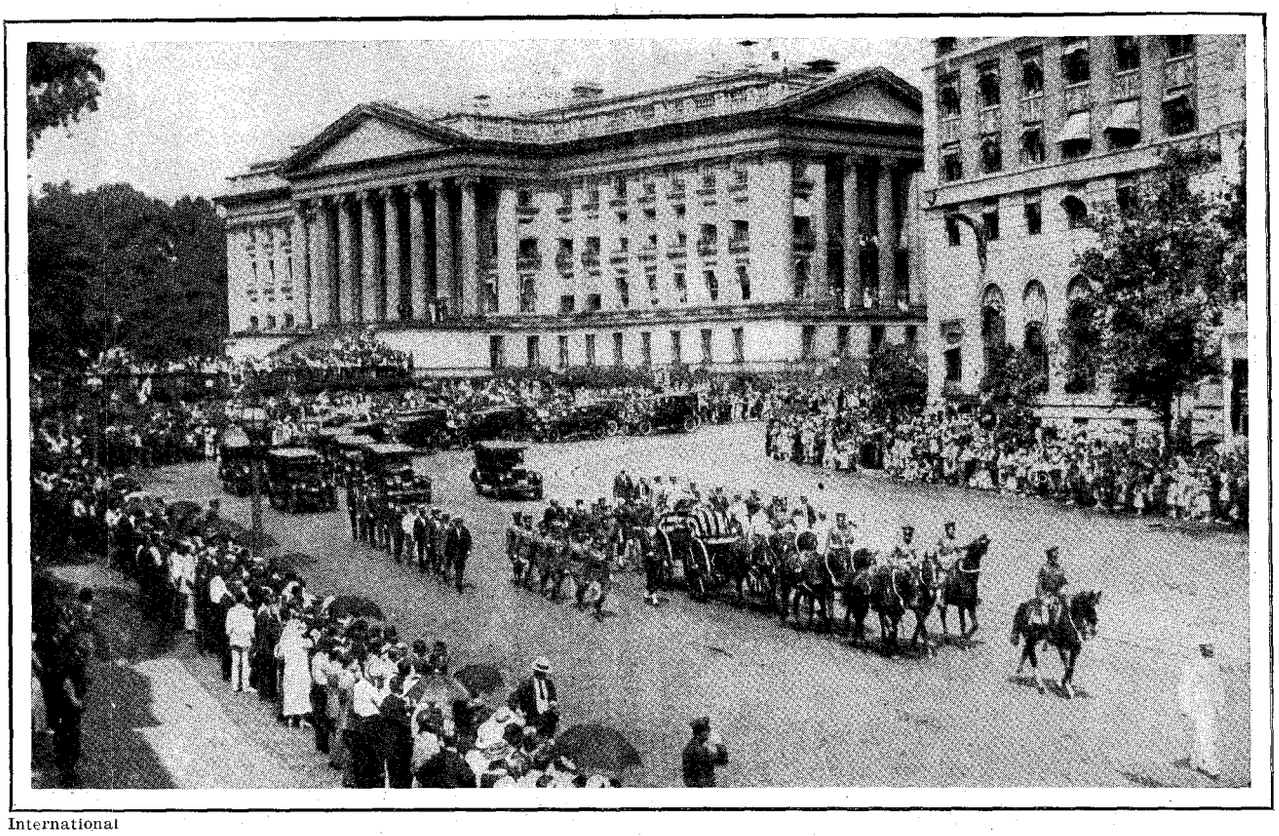

International

THE CAISSON BEARING THE CASKET AFTER IT HAD PASSED THE TREASURY BUILDING

International

THE CASKET BEING CARRIED INTO THE CAPITOL

SCENES AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL

descriptive of the ceremony, follows these pictures

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A NATION HONORS ITS SERVANT

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE BY STANLEY FROST

PHOTOGRAPHS ON PRECEDING PAGES

IT was a funeral such as only a great democracy can give to those it honors. The marching thousands, the tens of thousands by the roadside, paid to Warren G. Harding as man and as President the utmost in their power as a final tribute before his body was taken to its last place. In that tribute were mingled ideals and emotions impossible to any other country or other age.

There was pomp for the dead President; regiments tramped and guns boomed the minutes, Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors followed the catafalque and the last rites were said in the great rotunda of the Capitol, where Lincoln and McKinley had lain. So much was due the Nation, for we were not burying a citizen—not even a great and good citizen—but the man who had been our first citizen. It was the quiet pomp of a free people, with regiments in their uniforms of field service and with no black-dressed flunkies nor pacing outriders, but only fluttering crape and muffled drums to show the solemnity of the day. It was the Nation's fit tribute to a President gone.

But the ceremonies in the marble-vaulted room were those for a simple citizen; more simple than many held daily for men of whom the world knows nothing. A few hymns he had loved, a brief prayer, texts which have comforted untold millions. This for a man simple and homely, though President.

Mingled with the pomp and the reverence was the sense of personal loss. Mr. Harding both as a man and as President had more friends than are given to most men. There was real grief in other places than the curtained car in which his widow rode or among his close associates. There was something of this in the hearts of all who could feel. But it was not this that made the day memorable. The tribute would have been far different had he passed three years ago or been left till his service was finished. It would have been much the same had any other man been in his place. No one there, beyond the few intimates, forgot for a moment that the final honor was being paid to the Nation's head.

This fact stood out from the moment his body started across the continent; it was felt at every stop and at the thousands of places where people gathered merely to see the train go past. It became the dominant note when the body reached Washington, and the Nation took charge and had its soldiers bear the coffin to a gun carriage.

More soldiers took it to the White House, which the dead man had left as master, and placed it in the East Room—the same room where Abigail Adams hung the family wash, where British soldiers piled papers to speed the fire they were starting, where many Presidents have held state, a few have lain dead, and some have given their daughters in marriage. Here it rested through the night, banked high with flowers and guarded by armed men.

In the morning it was carried again to the gun carriage and, flanked by a dozen generals and admirals and followed by the greatest men of the land, was borne to the Capitol. For hours before this troops and sailors had gathered outside and vast throngs lined the streets. A single bugle blast set the great parade in motion, and it marched with bands playing between banks of bared heads. Behind the body, after the personal and official mourners, came representatives of every great organization in the country. So the dead President came with state and dignity to the simple ceremony in the rotunda.

Afterward for hours the people passed by the bier in a steady stream—men and women of all ages and conditions and colors and creeds. Some dropped flowers there, some tears, and some turned their faces when the chance came for the last look for which they had stood long hours in the blazing sun. At last the new President and the soldiers came again and bore the dead President on his last brief journey in his capital to the train which was to take his body home.

International

PRESIDENT AND MRS. COOLIDGE LEAVING THE CAPITOL AFTER THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES

This was the Nation's tribute—a tribute to the man himself, to be sure, but far more an official homage to the President.

But a more real tribute was given, a greater honor was paid, elsewhere. It came from the silent thousands along the sidewalks, who had waited in terrific heat for the single minute when the body should pass; from the other thousands who had stood beside railway tracks in sun or midnight or pouring storms; from the thousands who received the body from the train and took it again to the station for the final glimpse. This was a tribute uncomplicated by duty or dignity or position or considerations of decent appearance, a tribute beyond price or power.

It was a thing by itself, neither increased by the tears that fell here and there, nor marred by the bright clothes of the people nor the blunders of officials nor the squalling of babies. In spite of the love felt for the dead man and the sympathy for his widow—and both were great—it was only partly personal. Nor was it grief in the usual sense, nor reverence, nor the depression of bereavement, though all these were there.

It was something deeper, a spirit that responded best to the nobility of the Chopin march which, in spite of any grief or bereavement, rises eternally triumphant. It was a spirit which made the bands play "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful," instead of any dirges, and made them play resoundingly and boldly. It was the spirit of America, usually dumb and confused, but called to an hour of expression by a leader's death.

Best of all, it was the spirit of a Nation in which any boy may earn the place of chief paying tribute to a man who had been one of themselves, had been chosen their leader and servant, and had been struck down in the full tide of service.

That spirit could not be wholly sorrow, for no man could wish a better death.

Washington, August 8, 1923.

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ALLIES AND ASSOCIATES

A PLEA FOR FRANCE AND FOR SOME RECENT FRIENDSHIPS

BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

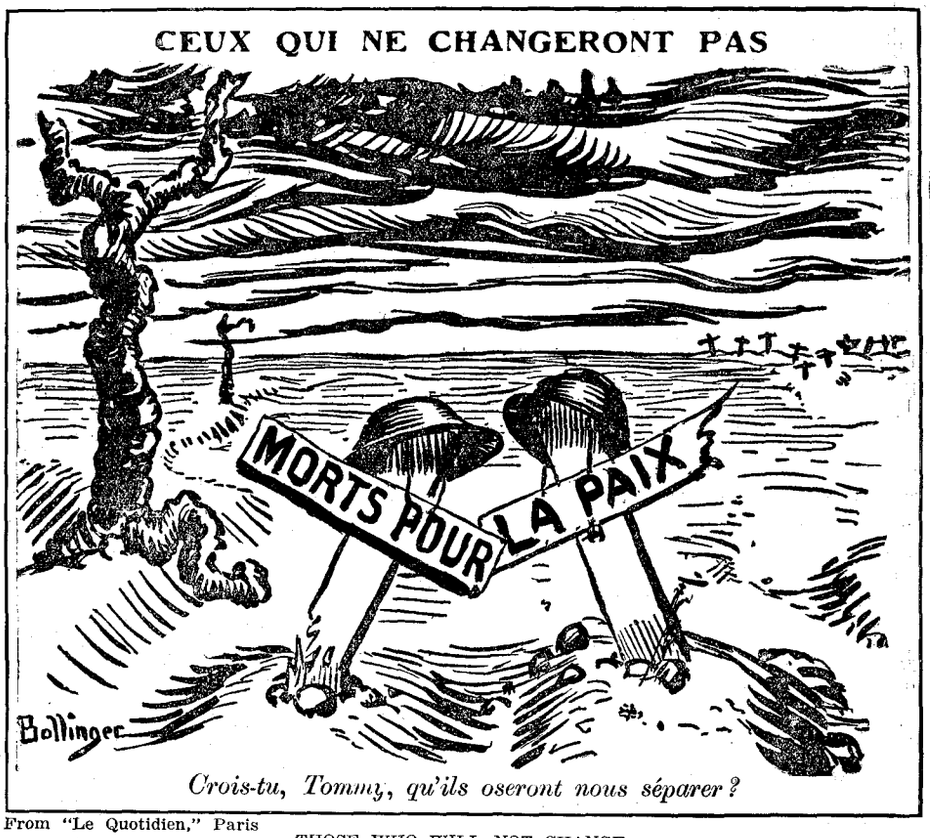
IT may, in some ways, be an advantage for the United States to have three thousand miles of neutral sea between it and the Old World. But isolation has its disadvantages. Watching Europe from the standpoint of the Capitol, one is too apt to see things with indifferent eyes. Direct impressions mean much more than hearsay or impressions due to reading daily "cables."

When Mr. Mellon and some Senators now over here return to Washington, they may have modified, and perhaps discarded, their views as to the policy of France. Pro-German influences have done deadly work, I know, in Washington. They have persuaded many good but ignorant Congressmen that France is inviting dread disasters from pure selfishness. They have insisted that the French are militaristic, and that their action in the Ruhr is a mere cloak for more aggressive schemes. One must have lived here and have talked—in French—with Frenchmen to know all the truth.

The truth is that French action in the Ruhr, while not unselfish, is due to lessons taught by long experience. The truth is that it was not lust of land, or wealth, or hate, that took this country to the region it has occupied. The truth is that behind the undoubted harshness of its attitude lies hid the constant, growing fear of German hate; the conviction that, the richer Germans grow, the more mercy they are shown by the Allies (and, incidentally, by its once firm Associate), the sooner will poor France have to endure new wars and be bled white again to save herself from ruin.

I have talked quite lately here with men in touch, not only with the Premier, M. Poincaré, but also with the man who is privately hinted at as his successor-designate, and with President Millerand. From one and all of them I have heard quite enough to make it clear that the harsh policy of France is prompted, not by a wish for world predominance or by a longing to lay down the law to Europe, but by a haunting fear and deep distrust of Germany, her promises, her intentions, and her statesmen.

To most Frenchmen it seems strange and unintelligible that England, so lately their firm friend, and the United States, only five years ago their loyal associate, should have adopted an aloof and—as they think—cruel policy. The average Frenchmen, like the members of their Government, resent the cold, superior tone in which (despite a superficial veil of courtesy)



From "Le Quotidien," Paris

THOSE WHO WILL NOT CHANGE
The Epitaph on the Crosses: "They Died for Peace"
The French *poilu* to the British Tommy—"Do you think they'll dare to part us?"

men of unquestioned honesty (but narrow thought) in Washington and London have commented on all that is now happening in the Ruhr. Americans, who judge things from afar, have no conception of the mortified bewilderment with which they read, day after day, the "sage" advice of Anglo-Saxondom.

"Mr. Baldwin," said one very high-placed informant of mine a week ago, "may mean no harm to us. I do not say that he is our enemy. But he is not our friend, and, before all, he is an Englishman, actuated by motives which are exclusively English, and reverting to old traditions."

In their amazement at what seems to them their abandonment in a crucial hour by England, the French are clutching as at a straw at the possible sympathy of Americans. There is a tendency in the public utterances of their statesmen to play off Washington against Westminster. But at the bottom of their hearts they are all asking whether an alliance of the Anglo-Saxon interests might not at some time harm them, at least economically and industrially, almost as greatly as the unchanging hate, the perfidy, and future power of Germany. More than Mr. Baldwin, more than Mr. Lodge and those banded with him to detach America from Europe, they dread Mr. McKenna and Lord d'Abernon, the British Ambassador to Berlin. Mr. McKenna is as obnoxious to them as Mr. Lloyd George, who is anathema, while the pro-Germanism of Lord d'Abernon is so notorious that it is astounding to France that he should be permitted by the Government of a professing ally to retain his position. The substitution of some other and more impartial Ambassador for Lord d'Abernon would do much to diminish the existing tension between the British Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay. But, for reasons of interest (possibly financial) or as a threat to the quite imaginary militaristic ambition of this country, Mr. Baldwin still tolerates and approves of that sinister diplomatist.

The hot-heads of the press in France and England, the cold-blooded essays of Mr. Garvin in the London "Observer," and the outbursts of extremists in some of the French papers have embittered the "situation." But there are many on both sides of the "thin streak" between the confronted Channel ports who deplore the facts. A cartoon which appeared some days ago in the "Quotidien," a new organ favorable to the Entente, gives expression to the feeling of this minority. It shows two crosses, in some desolate No Man's Land, topped by the

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helmets of a dead *poilu* and a dead Tommy. Below are a few words, addressed by the shade of the French soldier to that of the Britisher. A few words only, but they mean so much.

"Tommy," says the *poilu*, "do you think they'll dare to part us?"

The parting of the Allies and their ex-Associate is the chief aim of all the German propaganda in the United States and England and elsewhere. It works insidiously, in many ways and shapes—through the newspapers, through committees which seem innocent and humane, through the financial centers, and, yes, through artistic agencies, more particularly the opera houses. It hopes to demonstrate the wickedness of France, her ruthless selfishness, and incidentally to prove, as in pre-war days, that *"Deutschland"* still is really *"über Alles."*

Before this reaches you things may have reached a head, and by some compromise, for which we all should pray, some middle way may have been discovered by Mr. Baldwin and M. Poincaré, discreetly aided by suggestions of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Mellon, that will prevent a rupture for long years of the Entente. Just now, though, the horizon looks depressing. And the pro-Germans in the world are feeling cheerful.

Paris, July, 1923.

THE GAMBLING DEMON IN EUROPE

BY HENRI BERAUD

IN 1914 Europe attempted to make away with itself. It is only fair to say that it had taken all the necessary measures for this purpose. And yet it did not succumb. This of course is a miracle—one of those miracles which benefit mainly the lunatics, drunkards, and hypochondriacs. The fact is that in 1918 Europe had, after all, decided not to die; this was due in part to exhaustion, and in part to the fact that all the old ideas had taken on a new meaning, quite unexpectedly.

We know, however, that attempts at self-destruction never go unpunished. What, then, remains in this year of 1923 of that grand old lady who used to be known by the name of Europe? Merely an unhappy, neurasthenic creature, all of whose worries are concentrated upon curing her ills. This estimable lady is busy trying out all remedies, changing her physicians daily, being taken to a new sanitarium every day, and traveling from one health resort to another. That is to say, she is having the same experience which befalls the overwhelming majority of all patients and which prevents such vast numbers of them from ever regaining their health. To be cured means to have the will to live, the confidence in one's survival, utter contempt for the physicians, the firm, calm assurance that one is bound yet to find a place of honor in the ranks of the living.

There is one thing I know: this estimable old lady is not going to be cured, and nothing is going to be changed in Europe, until the people of Europe take hold of a broom and sweep out of their governing institutions all those hoary old men who are there ensconced and who take advantage of their years and their puny "experience" to inoculate the nations of Europe with the virus of monstrous diseases.

The rejuvenation of the soil of Europe demands new, young, and vigorous plowmen. Europe is famishing for new implements with which to turn her soil. No one would think of inflating a dirigible by means of a bicycle pump; even the craziest of aviators would never attempt to fly in an umbrella; and no old woman inmate of a poorhouse, no matter how irresponsible in her dotage, would affix postage-stamps to wireless telegrams. The only exception is our own estimable old lady; she is trying to straighten out the unprecedented havoc of five years of unparalleled war in about the same way as a couple of village youths may settle their quarrel after having soundly beaten one another. Europe needs men who can understand that, but there are none. Playing the part of a Diogenes, Europe lights its lantern and starts out on the quest of such a man, but those whom it discovers are scarcely human and find themselves completely in the clutches of petti-fogging chicanery and old-established political prejudices. At the present time, when the old nations of Europe are compelled to talk face to face to the youthful countries beyond the Atlantic, old Europe ought to have young representatives. And you, Americans, had better realize that you have nothing to expect from us, for, on the contrary, you are the only ones who could save us. You alone can save those peoples who are now turned into cannon fodder and flung into the clutches of war madness. In present-day Europe there are no longer human beings or nations; instead, we have merely dry figures—so and so many potential bayonets, so many possible sabers, so many likely lances. And in their frantic efforts to escape from this military madness the old nations of old Europe fall for the madness of a different set of figures; millions of people who have never before traded or speculated are now engaged from morning till night in speculation, as if in some delirious fever. And even if you should find a man who owns literally nothing, he is sure to be figuring, with the persistence of a lunatic, all night long the profits he might have had from the capital he does not possess! But if, unfortunately, he happens to have some francs, or marks, or liras, or even—yes, even Soviet rubles, he rushes off to the exchange and proceeds to gamble, without really caring to gamble and without knowing the rules of the game he is playing. In the course of these five years I have traversed Europe from the North Sea to the Black Sea, and I did not come across a single normal family, a solitary peaceful city, or a single political leader who would at least to some extent be able to foresee what the morrow may bring to his country.

The thing I care least of all to repeat, the thing that has already come to be a commonplace, is that Europe has been betrayed by the diplomatists. Least of all I am also inclined to repeat the words of those who are so numerous in Europe to-day—those who are thirsting for revenge and dreaming of blood. The matter stands much simpler than all that; it is the devil of gambling that should be killed in present-day Europe. When they will cease playing they will go to work, and when they go to work they will learn the meaning of what they now hold so lightly—the value of bread earned in the sweat of their brow.

And you, Americans, you tried and trusted friends, should listen to the voice of your generous hearts telling you that to-day it is no longer France alone that is crying out to you, but that we are dealing here with all of bleeding, mangled Europe, every part of which, without any exception, stands in need of your wisdom, your firmness, and your loftiness of purpose.

Should the men beyond the sea, contrary to our expectations, listen to our plea without responding, should you continue as heretofore to hide behind the doctrine of your venerable Monroe, should you turn your back irreversibly upon the East, then you will see nothing but the dying, setting sun. A century has elapsed since the birth of your famous doctrine, and here we see this century sinking into the waves of oblivion and carrying down with it all the old truths, all the old doctrines, all the old religions.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT OBREGON OF MEXICO

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

PASTOR OF ST. MARK'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DETROIT

BLACK headlines in the Spanish papers of Mexico announced the assassination of Francisco Villa. Newsboys, in this unknown tongue, shouted the fact through the streets of Mexico. Special editions of the Mexican papers were issued all day.

EL GRAL. FRANCISCO VILLA FUE ASESINADO AYERA LAS. 8.45 DE LA MANANA EN LA CIUDAD DE PARRAL

This headline greeted the Americans on Friday morning from their favorite paper, the "Excelsior."

The translation of this headline, which ran clear across the top of the front page, reads:

> General Francisco Villa was assassinated yesterday morning at 8:45 in the city of Parral.

There was an air of extreme excitement on the streets of Mexico City. I talked with many Mexicans. One old man said: "Who knows? It may be just a newspaper lie. I do not believe that Villa is dead."

The common people, who have enshrined Villa as a sort of Robin Hood hero, refused to believe that he was dead even a week after everybody else was certain. A youthful-looking young fellow, when I asked him what he thought of Villa's death, said, "He who uses the sword shall perish by the sword," evidently referring to the Biblical quotation of a like phrasing.

The general opinion seemed to be that it was a good thing that Villa had been shot. Elections are coming on, and he was known to have favored the brother of Madero, a man utterly incapable of leadership, and, since Villa was a man of great influence still, that seemed the best way out.

Many frankly expressed the opinion that the assassination was for political purposes. I was surprised with the frankness in which this supposition was discussed both on the streets and in the newspapers.

Therefore I frankly asked President Obregon in my first question what he thought of the assassination of Villa. I had this interview on the day the bandit was shot from ambush. I was not sure as to whether it was a diplomatic question to ask, but I wanted to know, so I had to take a chance.

I was surprised at the perfect frankness with which the President answered my question. I knew that Villa had tried to kill Obregon twice and that the present Executive of the Republic of Mexico had escaped only by a miracle.

President Obregon said in answer to my first question: "You know that Villa tried to kill me. I escaped only by a miracle. But nevertheless I am sorry for the way he died. That is a blot on the reputation of my country."

He seemed undisturbed by Villa's death, but he was sorry for the way it was brought about. Especially, I think, did he fear the consequences on recognition by the United States, the sessions of the Committee on Recognition being then in their closing moments.

I asked President Obregon what he thought of a movement that is now on, headed by an American Quaker, Dr. W. E. Kelsey, to raise by popular subscription among the school-children of both nations enough money to erect a statue to Lincoln and Juarez. This statue was to depict these two great Presidents reaching hands across the borders of our neighboring nations.

"I like the idea very greatly. It will focalize the sentiment of friendship. I hope your friends will carry it through. I will help."

"We are very anxious to know what you think of our two Commissioners, Charles W. Warren and Judge John Barton Payne, the men who are here representing the United States in the Conference on Recognition," I said to the President.

"I like them both. I believe that they are friendly to Mexico. I have a deep sense of confidence in them. They are high-minded men and sincere."

Mr. Warren himself had told me of his first meeting with President Obregon. At that meeting the President had said, in rather a complaining tone, that powerful nations had always looked down upon Mexico as a weaker nation and that all commissioners had carried that atmosphere about with them.

Mr. Warren set him at ease by saying: "We do not come in that spirit. We want you to be a great nation. Start now."

That spirit on the part of this famous American diplomat set the right atmosphere for these negotiations. The President of Mexico and the Mexican people have since that statement had great confidence in the Commission.

I wanted to know what President Obregon thought of Mr. Henry Ford. I knew that Mr. Ford was thinking of putting a factory and large investments in Mexico if recognition comes and things are stabilized.

His face brightened considerably when I mentioned Mr. Ford's name.

"I am a great admirer of Mr. Ford. Great men of creative ability have always caught my attention. To fill and interpret a necessity of life is a very hard thing to do, and Mr. Ford has done this thing. He saw, long before other men saw it, that there must be an automobile for the common man, and he filled that need. I also admire him because he is a great executive and because he has found the way to reconcile capital and labor. I understand that he has never had a strike."

I had been greatly impressed with what American sports are doing for Young Mexico. American sports are common all over the Republic now—basket-ball, baseball, volley-ball, handball, tennis, and all the typical American sports. Even the President has a handball court up at Chapultepec for his eighteen-year-old boy to play on. I asked him if he did not feel that these American sports were going to teach his people how to "play the game."

In Mexico the minute a man is defeated for office, or the minute that a brother defeats him in debate or wins a girl from him, that Mexican wants to kill his opponent or start a revolution. They have not learned to be what we Americans call "good sports." American games are teaching them this spirit.

After I had explained what I meant he admitted that my implications and deductions were true, and that he had manifested his confidence in the Y. M. C. A., which introduced these sports into Mexico, by giving that American institution a Government gift of 25,000 pesos.

"What are your personal sports?" I asked him.

"Billiards and poker," he said, with a smile.

His secretary told me that he was an expert at billiards and that he spends a good deal of his spare moments at this game.

President Obregon is a hard worker. He comes to his office at nine, and remains until one, granting interviews to his various secretaries and Cabinet members and answering his letters. Then he takes his siesta from one to four, as all good Mexicans do, and returns to the Palace at four, to remain until six-thirty and seven. It was at the last hour that I interviewed him, only that evening he stayed until eight, giving me more than an hour of his valuable time.

When I questioned him about the hope of an understanding between the Latin-speaking races of America and

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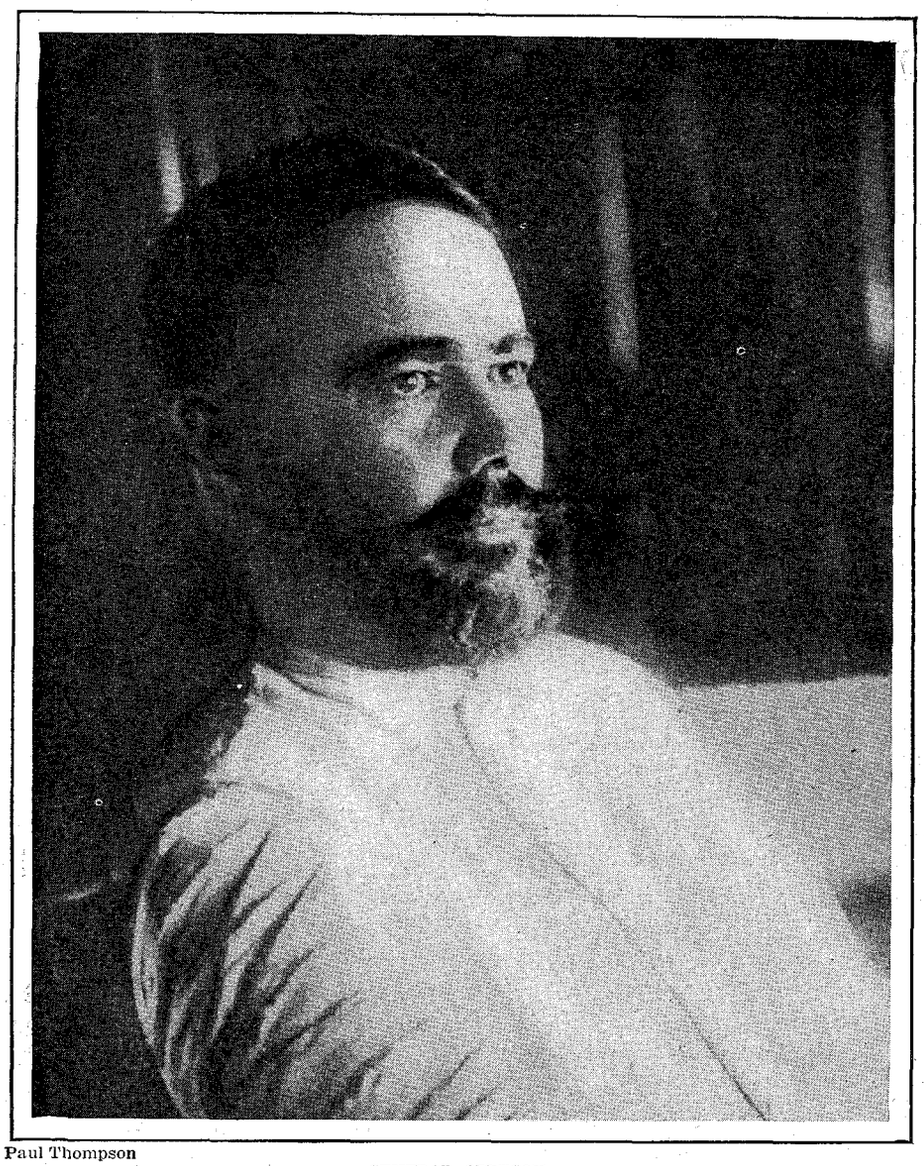

Paul Thompson

GENERAL OBREGON

the United States, he said many fascinating things on this great problem.

"If I had sufficient power, I would take some of the Latin-speaking nations across my knee and spank them, to use an English expression. That is the way I feel at times. At other times I feel the greatness of these same people. We are all in what you might call in America the 'same boat,' and yet some of us Latin-American nations insist upon rocking that boat. We are all in the same boat and all headed for the same place—world peace—and none of us ought to rock the boat, for if we do we all go down."

"Are you simply referring to Latin America in that statement?" I asked the President.

"No, I mean the United States, Europe, the Orient, and South America. We are no longer isolated now. What hurts one of us hurts another. We must have international peace."

"I think you are right. We are all on the same ship."

"Yes, and particularly we who live here on this American continent. But very often a small speck on our national eye-glasses hides from our vision the larger things of which I have just spoken."

"What do you mean by small specks on our glasses?" I asked him, wanting to get, in a more particular sense, his thoughts.

"I mean that the small speck of nationalism interferes with the larger vision of internationalism."

It seemed to me that these were high words to be coming from a great Executive; words worthy of our own Nation, listening too with open hearts.

He continued: "The present generation is losing itself in small matters—national pride, money making, etc.—when we should all be considering the great humanitarian issues."

"Just what do you mean? That is a rather general statement," I suggested, rather than asked.

"You want me to be specific?" he asked, with a smile that I grew to like.

"Yes."

"That is very much like you people from our northern neighbor. I shall be specific, as you wish. I feel that we should interest ourselves nationally in educating and helping the poorer classes of our nations; that we should all enact old-age pensions and compensation laws; that we should all strive for a living wage; that we should all consider ourselves brothers both within our own national borders and without our own national and racial lines."

"That is your creed of internationalism, that has caused you to be called the 'prophet of social justice and international peace.'" I had read this of President Obregon in a Latin-American newspaper.

"My international creed is that of world peace and international brotherhood. I believe that war should cease forever, and that we should cease to emphasize national lines and understand that we are all brothers."

President Obregon hopes for recognition from the United States. He believes that recognition will come, if not through the efforts of the present Commission, sooner or later, for the reason that Mexico will strive to make herself worthy of recognition.

"Then I suppose that the next logical step will be a treaty between the two nations, setting aside a border-line of fifty miles in which no liquor will be sold, no houses of prostitution permitted, and no gambling or other vices indulged in. That would be a good thing for both nations. Our present border is a disgrace to both countries."

"I agree with you. I have tried to stop all selling of liquor in border cities and all prostitution; but the local authorities do not always obey my commands. I do not have the power to do all that I would like."

I had asked him this question because of the fact that the American despatches of that same day had told about a California millionaire who had bought a million dollars' worth of booze in Europe and was bringing it around through the Panama Canal, with the intention of keeping it in Tia Juana for the sake of his friends. I knew the carousal of vice that this meant. I asked the President directly what he would do in a case like this.

"I will stop it! We here in Mexico will not allow Americans to break the spirit of your law, if we can help it, even by coming over into our border towns."

A new daughter had just been born to President Obregon, and he was unusually happy. But his smile and his firmness and his sincerity won my admiration.

He is a typical Mexican, with a turned-up mustache, brown skin, large of stature, one arm gone—lost in the Revolution; alert, well groomed; not over-fat, but large-waisted; incisive in his talk; much like Roosevelt in stature.

I came away with the feeling that the days of revolutions were over as long as men of President Obregon's type are in power.

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RED MEN IN GAS BUGGIES

THE TALE OF AN AUCTION WITH MILLION-DOLLAR BIDS

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

Photo by Alvin C. Krupnick Co., Tulsa, Oklahoma

THE newspapers, a few months ago, announced that on April 5, 1923, the right to prospect and lease oil lands on the Osage National Reservation in Oklahoma would be thrown open to the public and leases sold to the highest bidder. To the layman this announcement savored of the old Louisiana Lottery. Not so. True, every man paying a bonus for the exclusive right to prospect on certain leases takes a gamble, and in some cases the gamblers have lost. Not many, however, in the Osage Nation.

It may seem peculiar, but at the time the Indians were rounded up from various parts of the country, banded together, and transplanted on to what was then believed to be a desert district in Indian Territory it was thought that this was the end of the Indian. They couldn't raise anything, and, as an early United States marshal in the Indian Territory remarked, "When the Indians have finished eating their dogs, they'll starve to death, and cease to be a further worry to Uncle Sam." But it didn't work out that way. Lo and behold! these same lands are to-day extremely rich in natural resources. The best coal, gas, and oil deposits in the State are located on the old Indian reservations, and the Indian, instead of starving to death when he finished with his dogs, now rides around in the best of motor cars and enjoys a steady income that turns bankers green with envy. Automobiles of exclusive makes—*not the other kind*—are about as scarce among the Osage Indians as candidates at a political convention.

The streets of Pawhuska, Oklahoma, where the Osage Indian "sale" is held, not only boast of, but actually have at all times of the day, stalwart redskins stalking about with solemn faces, powerful physiques, and blankets. But these Indians are not waiting to jump on the back of bucking cayuses. No, no. Not in 1923. They just naturally stalk across the sidewalk, step into high-powered limousines, sink back on the plush-covered cushions, and command, "Home, James."

The morning I arrived in Pawhuska I learned, from first-hand information, of an Indian squaw with a blanket wrapped around her driving up to the Indian Commissioner, stepping out of the luxurious closed car, walking boldly into the Commissioner's office, and coming out with twenty-five one-thousand-dollar bills in her hand; she counted them over as she recrossed the sidewalk, stepped into her car, and instructed the chauffeur to take her back to her Osage Indian home.

Douglas Fairbanks couldn't have performed the stunt better, nor more coolly.

But the Osage Indians are not the leading actors in the tense drama held once or twice a year in the little theater on the main street of Pawhuska, where one of the greatest auctioneers in the business sells from eight to ten million dollars' worth of "chances" to drill on Osage Indian leases.

Tourists going through the cities of Oklahoma are too amazed to express their views while still in the State. They see modern cities, with every modern convenience, the very best of construction, with beautiful homes, and with schoolhouses without a peer, population considered, in the United States. The first remark the tourist makes, and one which was the first to come to my mind, is, "There must be some real eighteen-karat-gold men behind all this development."

The average city of Oklahoma breathes the spirit of vigor that we actually come in contact with only, as a rule, on the motion-picture screen or in the "best sellers." I have often heard of Oklahoma enthusiasm, and I am certain, after associating with the individuals who have made Oklahoma famous, that these statements have never been exaggerated.

We left Tulsa in the morning on a special train. Millionaires sat in the smokers with oil drillers and small ranchers. There was nothing peculiar about this. Some of these men were going to Pawhuska to get a "thrill" when men started bidding in millions. Others with lean pocketbooks had a small parcel in mind, that could be purchased for a small amount, that

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BACON RIND, CHIEF OF THE OSAGE INDIANS

"may make good." But every one seemed to know every one else. They were a friendly crowd—all good fellows.

As they landed in Pawhuska, a beautifully built city of about 10,000 people, no time was lost. Every one filed through the streets to the Constantine Theater, which was filled to capacity during the early bidding.

George J. Wright, Indian Superintendent, who has seen forty years of Indian service, opened the sale by announcing that this was the first time that both the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs had ever attended an oil sale. Secretary Hubert Work and Commissioner Charles H. Burke acknowledged the compliment from the platform with a nod. Mr. Wright announced that in the millions of dollars of business that had been transacted between the Indian agent and the oil lease purchasers, during which time 490,000 acres had been sold, valued at from $2 to $10,000 per acre, there had never been a question raised after the sales were concluded. "And," he added, "certainly no higher tribute could be paid to the honesty, good intent, and square dealing of those who bid such high stakes for their 'chance.'" Mr. Wright then introduced Secretary Work, who made a very brief address, stating: "I don't know anything about the individual parcels that you men are going to bid in. It seems to me, though, that you are plenty able to take care of yourselves. The Government naturally, as guardians of the Osages, will get the very best price they can out of each lot sold. This is one place where you take all the chance and Uncle Sam takes none, as we guarantee nothing. You will have to contend with the auctioneer; and it seems to me that he also is able to take care of himself. But I want to assure you that if you men make money on this gamble that you are about to take, the Government, or its agents, wish you well."

Commissioner Burke made a few remarks, complimenting the fairness, vigor, and vision of the men who asked no favors—men who had built Oklahoma, and had made the tremendous incomes from these sales possible. Announcement was made that 23,680 acres would be sold, embracing 148 tracts; the small tracts would be sold during the forenoon, and the big ones in the latter part of the afternoon. By "big ones" the auctioneer meant the Burbank pool, which blew in less than two years ago, but since that time has taken its place with the greatest oil districts in the world. Announcement was made that twenty-five per cent cash would be required directly after the bidding had closed.

The sale was on. The first tract was knocked down at $500. The morning passed, with spirited bidding on the small tracts. Thirty had been sold and seventeen passed at noon. Just as the forenoon session closed bidding became lively on one tract, which was finally sold for $52,000.

There was a surprise on this tract. Most of the "wise" speculators who have a reputation for knowing their business remarked that on their own sheets they had this same tract valued at $17,000. I might add here that every bidder in the hall knew just how far he would go and not one dollar more on each tract he intended to bid on. Men who put all their energy behind the bid up to $50,000 were absolutely cold and refused to bid $50,500. From that angle they were not gamblers. Rather, they were men of keen vision who were pitting their knowledge of the oil fields against the knowledge of the other fellow.

The afternoon session was called to order at 1:15. It was an entirely different setting. The hall was well filled. The galleries and advantageous boxes were occupied by "holders"—that is, men who would leave when the "whales" came in.

The auctioneer explained that the minnows had been nibbling all morning, but soon the "whales" would start to bite.

The major oil bidders did not file in until late in the afternoon.

Tract 54 started the afternoon session at a price of $500. Many men in their shirt sleeves were in the back part of the room; many full-blooded Indians looked on with great interest. This sale meant more to each individual of the 2,200 Osage Indians than the World Series' receipts to the world's champions.

There was a generous sprinkling of ladies. To my surprise, many of them had the appearance of having just stepped out of a modiste's establishment on Fifth Avenue. That wasn't the only surprise. Most of the fair feminines were not only spirited bidders, but I noted that many of the more prominent oil men continually leaned their heads to get the advice of their "better halves." Another incident drew my attention. It is not, however, localized to Oklahoma. Whenever one of the oil bidders would lean over to get the advice of his "bet-

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ter half" and she shook her head, it meant *no further bidding*.

At 2:10 a party from the Chatham and Phœnix Bank of New York caused a momentary flurry as they filed into the upper box, directly over the auctioneer's platform.

As the 101st parcel is announced, the auctioneer remarks that George Miller, of the "101 Ranch," ought to bid on this tract; but the famous ranchman only smiles.

The great background of large blueprints is now noticeable. Women down in front of the platform are deeply interested. At this juncture a young woman in the first row becomes very active. She is coaching a spirited bidder who makes a try from the 103d to 109th tract, but they fail to get any of them. As the 109th tract is passed a giant Osage, fully six feet six inches tall, wrapped in a great highly colored blanket, stalks into the rear of the hall. He gazes silently a few moments at the interested spectators, nods to the auctioneer, gazes a moment at the great crowd under the pale lights in the rear of the theater, and walks stoically out. "That boy is going to bring good luck," muttered a youthful Tulsa newspaper correspondent.

As the 116th tract is passed three women file into the rear of the room and gaze anxiously toward a man and woman in the third row. The latter dolefully shake their heads, and the quickly frozen smiles tell the story of "lost to a higher bidder." The five quickly leave the hall.

Bidding passes briskly on to the 170th tract, which sells for $20,000 to C. A. Lake.

A real oil well is now put up, averaging about sixty barrels a day. There is a great deal of banter on this tract. "What kind of sand?" calls a bidder to the auctioneer. "Duke's Mixture" is the reply, and the audience is convulsed with laughter. The well finally sells at $72,000.

At 3:20 Waite Phillips takes a seat in the fourth row, with Mr. Pringle, his right-hand man. He has one of the best locations in the building. There is a flutter among those present, due to the fact that Waite Phillips is one of the greatest and shrewdest oil men in the Southwest, who plays a lone hand, owns all the stock in the companies he heads, refuses absolutely to be drawn into stock-selling schemes of any kind, and is in short one of the nerviest oil operators attending the oil sales. The audience at this point displays great interest in a gray-haired man walking down the side aisle. It is Senator Harrold, the first Republican Senator elected from Oklahoma, and one of the handsomest men that ever sat in the United States Senate.

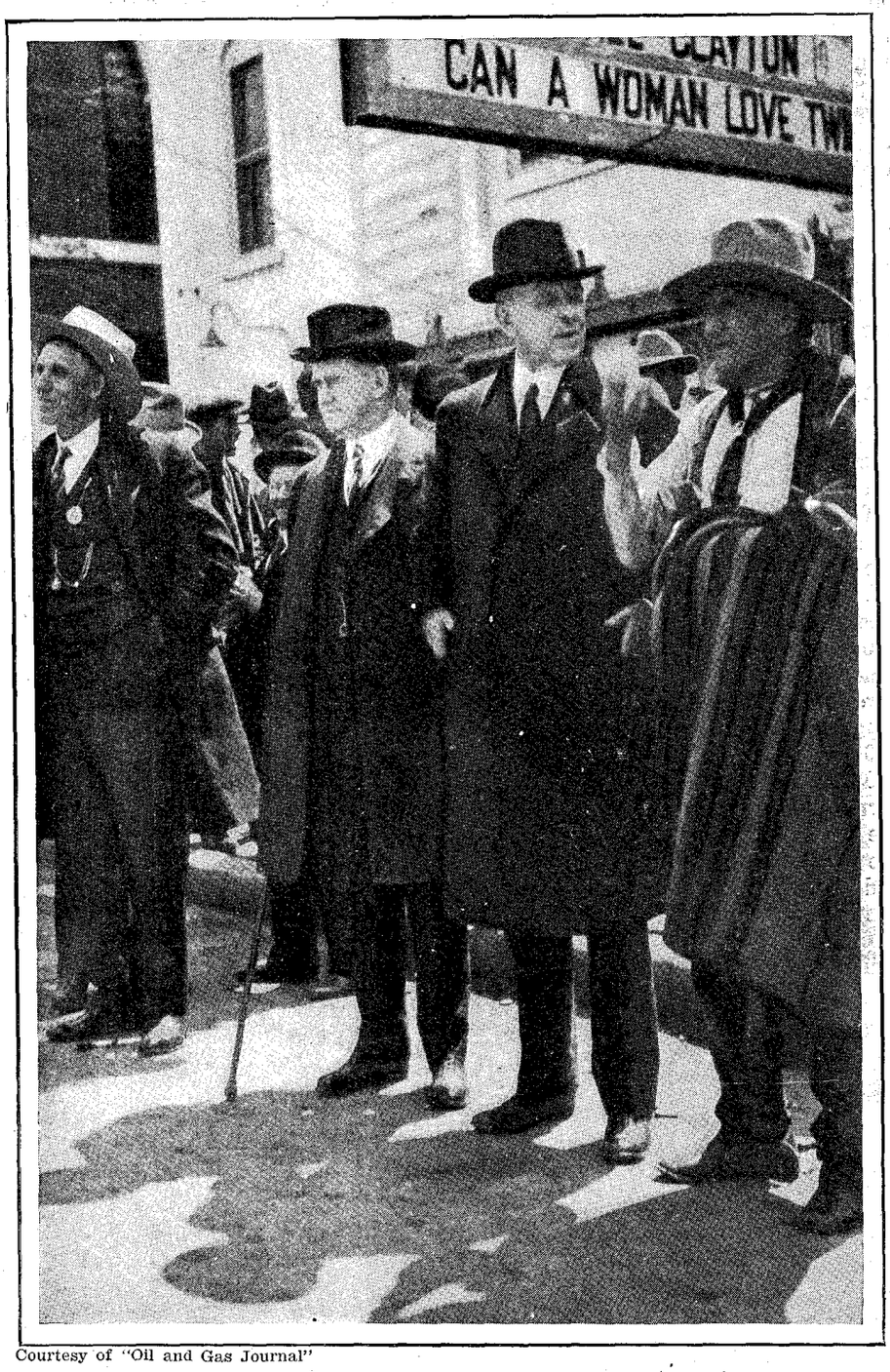
As the 340th tract is sold the house is crowded, every seat taken, with fully two hundred standing. There is a flutter of excitement now because the great Burbank pool will soon be reached, and this means large bids.

L. E. Phillips arrives at 3:42. The gallery buzzes, because Phillips bids them up. Secretary Work breathes a sigh of relief. Phillips is known to love oil wells next to T-bone steak, and he is a noted connoisseur on the latter. The room now presents a striking figure. Many smartly attired women finish up the background in the rear of the hall. A striking beauty walks down the hall at 4:15, and the Associated Press correspondent at my right gasps. "Heavens!" he breathes, "pinch me. And they call this the Wild West!"

The three Phillips brothers are now in the room. Earl Sinclair occupies the second box. The Carter Oil Company officials, with Mr. Young coaching, occupy the first box on the left; the Twin State Oil Company, the second. W. G. Skelly, one of the most noted oil men of Oklahoma, occupies the aisle seat of the seventh row to the right, the heads of the Gypsy Oil Company first row to the left, and the Prairie Oil Company third row left.

As the first tract is put up for sale the auctioneer remarks, with a chuckle: "Same old crowd; the same old faces on the wall."

S. E. 16–26–6 opens, started by the Texas Oil Company; Phillips opposes; Lewis Friedman, Mayor of Muncie, Indiana, joins in; the bid runs by $5,000, jumps quickly to



Courtesy of "Oil and Gas Journal"

SECRETARY WORK TALKING TO AN OSAGE INDIAN (RIGHT)

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$125,000, the Carter Oil Company taking the tract at $127,000.

S. W. 16–26–6. Sinclair starts at $20,000; Friedman against Sinclair to $60,000; Carter enters against Sinclair; Carter shakes his head at $290,000; R. M. Young, of Carter, then bids against Waite Phillips up to $360,000, when Phillips shakes his head; Skelly joins in at this point; Young immediately earnestly consults his advisers, and runs the bidding up to $380,000; Young bids $385,000 and secures the tract.

S. W. 15–27–5. Bid opened by Skelly at $100,000, with Friedman opposing; John Alcorn, of the Marlin Oil Company, jumps the bid from $100,000 to $250,000 in one jump—the audience gasps; Sinclair quickly runs the bid to $325,000; almost instantly $375,000 is reached; there is a $50,000 jump here by Skelly; Sinclair goes to $500,000; Skelly goes to $525,000; Sinclair makes it $530,000; Skelly throws the house in an uproar by bidding $531,000; Alcorn jumps it to $600,000; Skelly snaps back, "$625,000;" Sinclair enters, and Skelly, Alcorn, and Friedman all drop out. With the precision of the tick of the clock the auctioneer raises his right hand and drops it, and each time, by a nod of the head, Sinclair and Carter raise $5,000 at a time, until $800,000 is reached; Young now shakes his head, Sinclair looks dubious, Skelly confers with his advisers. The house has now grown very tense. Even Secretary Work, whose face has been a mask up to this time, rubs his nose. The tract is sold to Sinclair at $800,000.

S. E. 15–27–5. Pugh, of the Sun Oil Company, startles the audience by opening the bidding on this tract at $650,000; Young enters the bidding at $705,000; Pugh against Young to $850,000; Phillips vs. Young from $855,000 to $900,000 (Phillips evidently wants this tract); Mr. Pringle is doing the bidding for Waite Phillips, who sits by his side. The auctioneer, with the staccato shout of a Gatling gun, and almost as rapid, goes, at $5,000 jumps, from $1,100,000 to $1,300,000. Young bids a little more uncertainly up to $1,320,000; Phillips nods his head very vigorously at $1,325,000; Young throws up his hands, and, the tract goes to Waite Phillips.

This tract proved to be the highest-priced lease of the afternoon.

N. E. 22–27–5 opens by a bid from Young at $400,000; N. K. Moody, of the Prairie Oil, sang out "$600,000;" the two quickly bid to $800,000; there is a momentary lull, then monotonously the auctioneer again starts singing, "25–30–35–40," and up to $925,000; the auctioneer asks Moody to go to a million—he nods his head; Young comes back at $1,025,000; the house is in an uproar. The poker face was never so set and expressionless so far as inward feeling was concerned. Then Moody smiles. Carter is very serious. I glanced back at Secretary Work—he never moved an eyelash; Moody drops out, and the tract goes to Carter for $1,025,000.

Senator Harrold remarks at this juncture that men who will pay a million dollars for the right to drill for oil certainly are entitled to anything they make if they make it.

The remarkable feature of the oil leases is in the fact that the gigantic sums paid by the bidders represent only a bonus. If they strike oil, sixteen per cent of the gross value of every gallon taken out goes to the Osage Indians, while the bonus alone will give $4,000 each to every man, woman, and child in the tribe, with more dizzy thousands pouring in when oil wells are drilled.

S. E. 22–27 opens at $400,000; Phillips of Phillips Petroleum, Skelly, and McClintock of the Gypsy Oil Company make a spirited three-cornered bid on this tract to $410,000 in less than two minutes; then monotonously the bidding went from $413,000 to $480,000 between McClintock and Skelly on $1,000 raises; it goes by $1,000 raises to $500,000. The audience is both gasping and laughing; it appears to me that the lady in front, who has interested me all afternoon, hasn't breathed for minutes. Now she does with a short, jerky breath, as the bidding proceeds by $1,000 raises to $542,000. The auctioneer begs them to bid them up. The lady in front now interests me greatly; I am almost certain that she hasn't breathed for at least five minutes. Phillips and Skelly both are in consultation with the men around them at this point; Phillips bites his cigar in half, but I suppose he feels that he might just as well lose a quarter after making a $1,325,000 bid; the tract goes to $583,000 by $1,000 bids—the crowd is now getting restless; it goes to $595,000. Secretary Work is now frowning. The house is jammed at this time; newsboys elbow their way in, selling news extras. Monotonously the auctioneer's hand goes up and down to $670,000, the Gypsy Company securing the tract.

N. E. 23–27–5. Sold to the Gypsy Oil Company, taking the tract at $1,195,000.

N. W. 23–27–5. The $600,000 mark was quickly reached between the Gypsy and Phillips Petroleum. They are bidding well now, jumping $50,000 at a time; Gypsy goes to $850,000, when Nelson Moody startles the house by bidding $950,000; Phillips raises, and Nelson Moody again sings out, "A million." They talk millions here just like bootblacks talking about dimes. Phillips, of the Phillips Petroleum, takes the tract at $1,005,000.

The next tract starts out with a $200,000 bid between Skelly and Moody; the bid is quickly run to $625,000; Moody wants a tract, and has so far been unsuccessful. While I am taking out my lead pencil the bid goes to $735,000, with three-cornered bidding, Phillips Petroleum having entered at $650,000; the next bid by Skelly, at $740,000, takes the tract.

Tract 16, and last, starts with brisk bidding. Two bright-eyed women sit next to Nelson Moody. They have coached him all afternoon. I know one must be Mrs. Moody, because he always agrees when she shakes her head emphatically—I am a married man and know the sign. Phillips and Moody are the bidders on the last tract. They want to get it over with, and do quickly, Phillips winning out.

The great crowd quickly files through the street to the special trains, and in a few moments small groups of local people can be seen on every street corner. The special pulls out and I hear on my right: "Phew! The Pawhuska sale is no place for a weak or fluttering heart, and mine flutters every time I think of those million-dollar bids."

A LEAGUE OF YOUNG PEOPLE

Ever since the war every one has been worrying about the younger generation. Its motives, its manners, and its ultimate ends have been questioned and almost universally condemned by the older generation.

Our young people have a champion, however, in the person of Mr. Harry T. Baker, Associate Professor of English at Goucher College.

"What we need," writes Mr. Baker in a forthcoming Outlook article, "is not so much a League of Nations as a League of Young People. It is they who are the true millennialists, they who spy just around the corner the perfect world."

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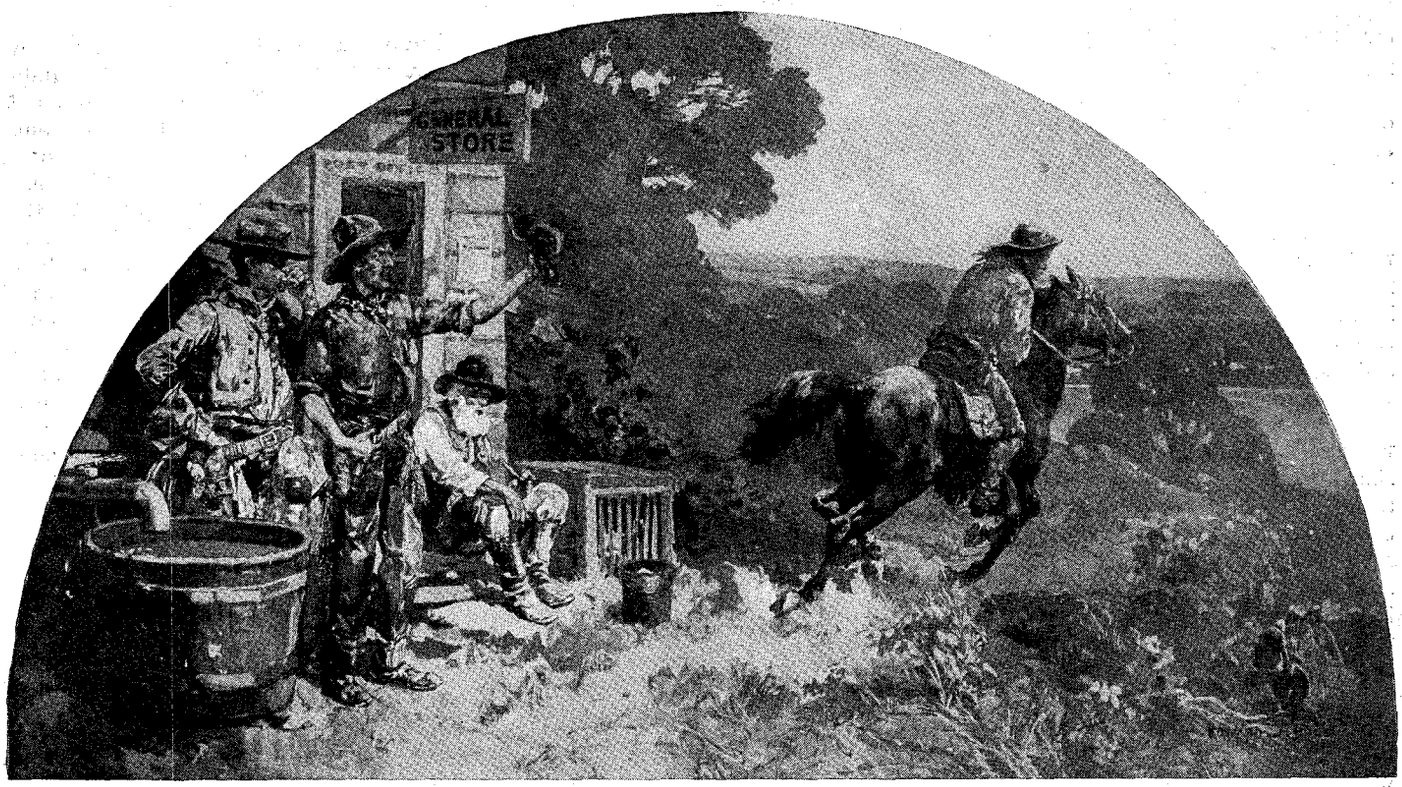

A PONY EXPRESS RIDER

Mural Painting in the First National Bank of St. Joseph, Missouri

THE PONY EXPRESS WILL RIDE AGAIN

BY J. M. SEABRIGHT

TIME: Shortly before daybreak on the morning of August 31, 1923. Place: St. Joseph, Missouri. Principal characters: William Frederick Cody Goodman, nephew of William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), and a prancing fleet-footed pony, saddled and bridled. (To the saddle is strapped a heavy leathern saddle-bag containing United States mail. A great concourse of excited people, dressed as for a gala occasion, surround the principals of our drama.) At a signal Goodman, dressed in the garb of a frontiersman, leaps upon the pony's back, waves a hasty farewell amid the vociferous shouts of the crowd, and flashes off like an arrow, the nose of his mount turned toward the west.

Nineteen twenty-three, did I say? Yes; though I might have written it April 3, 1860, have substituted the name of Johnny Fry for Goodman's, and have been strictly accurate. What you saw was the opening event of a mammoth celebration commemorating that romantic, that adventurous form of communication of Civil War days—the Pony Express.

For thirteen days between August 31 and September 12 the States of Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, and California will celebrate the progress made in transportation since the days when the mail was carried on horseback from the Missouri River to the Father of Waters by that band of young men—mostly boys—who for daring, horsemanship, and bravery have never been excelled.

In every town in those seven States through which galloped the steeds of the Pony Express are to be held celebrations, expositions, pageants, and other festivities of historical significance. In Kansas the time will be given over to industrial and transportation expositions; in Colorado, to a continuous mining exhibition; in Wyoming, to a cattle show and historical pageant participated in by Indians; in Utah, to a mining and agricultural celebration; and in California, to two celebrations—one in Sacramento, the western terminus of the Pony Express, and the other in San Francisco, whither the mail was borne from Sacramento by boat. California's will probably be the largest and most impressive, since the revived ride ends at San Francisco on Admission Day—always an important holiday in the history of the State, which, never having been a Territory, is proud of its immediate admission into full-fledged Statehood without having had to go through a period of apprenticeship.

History and transportation form the main themes in the affair: the glamourous days of the Old West, of Buffalo Bill and his companions, will return again in so far as possible; and coupled with their revival you will see the strides that have been made in the modes of transportation since that never-to-be-forgotten age.

Contrast—the power of contrast will manifest itself. For following the riders on horseback there will run motor trucks and passenger automobiles and motor cycles. The Western Pacific Railroad will run a special passenger express train westward on such a schedule that it will keep abreast of the horsemen almost all the way. And, as further proof of transportation's strides, Government airplanes will hover above the modern counterparts of Buffalo Bill, "Pony Bob" Haslem, and other riders of the old days.

In Utah you will see brought back into use, for a distance sufficient to flavor the procession, the covered emigrant wagon—the so-called "prairie schooner," made famous by Emerson Hough and others—but this will be for only a comparatively short distance, because of its slow progress. In Nevada the historical twenty-mule team, once used to haul ores, will greet you; and in Colorado's mining celebration you will witness something like the Days of '49 Celebration last year in Sacramento—men and women dressed in the costumes of the mining camps of the sixties, and all the forms of mining ever employed in Colorado in actual operation. In brief, in point of length you will see the greatest historical and industrial exhibition

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ever held in the world, if that statement be not too Barnumy.

The Pony Express Memorial Association, which has had charge of the arrangements, has decided to have the riders follow the Victory Highway in those spots where the old Pony Express trail has been obliterated, since they are virtually parallel for many miles. The procession of riders and machines will move each day only eight hours, from seven o'clock in the morning to four in the afternoon, with an hour off at noon for lunch at the site of one of the old Pony Express stations. Such leisurely progress will prevent injury to the horses and will give people an opportunity to see the pageant all the distance.

A mounted delegation from San Francisco will meet the riders at Sacramento and accompany them to the city, passing through Richmond, Berkeley, and Oakland.

At St. Joseph five thousand people will participate in a celebration depicting the city's history from Indian days to the present.

This revival of the Pony Express calls back to mind the days of its inception. In 1860 St. Joseph was the western terminus of rail and telegraph communication. Mail service was furnished by Ben Holladay's and John Butterfield's stage-coaches. But the latter were not speedy enough for those folks on the Pacific coast and in between, especially since they had heard the first faint rumblings of war. Accordingly the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, proprietors of the Overland Stage Line, undertook to inaugurate a fast mail-carrying service after a conference with Senator Gwinn, of California, who promised them Federal aid. In the New York "Herald" and in the "Missouri Republican" of March 26, 1860, therefore, appeared this startling announcement:

> TO SAN FRANCISCO IN EIGHT DAYS. BY THE CENTRAL OVERLAND CALIFORNIA AND PIKE'S PEAK EXPRESS COMPANY
>
> The first courier of the Pony Express will leave the Missouri River on Tuesday, April 3d, at 5 o'clock P.M., and will run regularly weekly thereafter, carrying letter mail only. Telegraph mail will be transmitted over the Placerville and St. Joseph wire to San Francisco by the connecting express in *eight days*. Letter mail will be delivered in *ten days* from the departure of the express.

At the same moment when Johnny Fry shot from St. Joseph on a black pony, bearing a message of congratulation from President Buchanan to the Governor of California, a few newspapers, some bank drafts, and a number of important business letters, a white pony left Sacramento for the east. The first rider eastward rode to Folsom, twenty miles away, and the next to Placerville, where he connected with the rider "Boston," who took the route to Friday's Station, crossing the Sierra Nevadas. Sam Hamilton next fell into line, and pursued his way to Genoa, Carson City, Dayton, Reed's Station, and Fort Churchill. Here "Pony Bob" Haslem took the trail to Smith's Creek, a distance of 120 miles through hostile Indian country. From that point Jay G. Kelley rode to Ruby Valley, and from there Richardson dashed to Deep Creek, whence a mad rush by other riders to the Missouri River.

At Sacramento the entire population awaited the first messenger. Like a modern circus day it was to them. Heavy wagers they laid as to whether he would arrive on time. Can you not see that picture? All eyes turned towards the old immigrant road, a cheer going up as keener eyes detect a cloud of dust far distant; at length, amid shouts and wild acclaim, a dusty rider drawing sharp rein in their midst, his pony white with foam, exactly ten minutes before the appointed time. The tired rider is at once surrounded and congratulated, and his pony bedecked with flowers. It is recorded, too, to the shame of souvenir-hunters in the crowd, who, like the poor, we have always with us, that they picked out most of the hairs from the pony's tail!

Night and day thereafter, then, these intrepid riders, selected for their wiry build, their high code of morals, and their courage, raced madly against time over that two-thousand-mile route, knowing only one fear—that of being late. Through blinding blizzard and scorching sun, across desert and prairie, swimming rivers and courting death on narrow ledges, the Pony Express riders sped across a country infested with hostile and powerful red men. No love letters were carried, important as they often are; only official Government mail, urgent communications of business men, and newspapers printed on special tissue paper to lighten their weight. Five dollars was charged for each half-ounce, and fifteen pounds was the maximum amount of mail carried by any rider. This fee of $5 the Post Office Department later reduced to $1, but still it was expensive, for each letter had to be placed in a ten-cent Government-stamped envelope and 10 cents per half-ounce was an additional item levied by the Government. A total charge of $25 for a single letter was not unusual.

The mail pouches were water-tight after sealing, but as a further precaution all mail was wrapped in oilskin. The pouches were never opened till the end of the journey.

Stations on the Pony Express trail were first placed twenty-five miles apart, but later at ten and fifteen miles. The distance between any two stations was known as a "stage." Each rider traversed, on the average, three stages, and traveled at least thirty-three miles, on three horses. The "ponies" employed were fleet California or Mexican mustangs, as sure-footed as mountain goats and as full of endurance as their riders. They received the best of care as to feeding and housing and driving. Usually ten miles at the limit of the animal's pace was all that was expected of him.

As a rider approached a relay station he would loosen his saddle-bag. Sometimes the station-keeper could see him approaching, but often he could not, in which event the horseman would give a shout to announce his coming. The instant he arrived he swung his precious saddle-bag over the saddle of a fresh pony, leaped from his tired mount to the back of the other, and was off like a flash. Two minutes were allowed by the Pony Express Company for a change of horses, but it rarely required more than a few seconds. When riders were changed, the incoming rider would unloose his saddle-bag before arrival at the station, and have it all ready to toss to the new rider, who would gallop off the moment he grasped the bag.

The Pony Express riders made up a group of remarkable men, few of whom were more than thirty years of age, and many mere boys in their teens. They were of slight build—all under 135 pounds in weight—and of wiry physique. These aristocrats of the saddle differed from ordinary plainsmen also in character, for whereas the latter were usually profane, boisterous, and heavy drinkers, Russell, Majors, and Waddell were temperate, God-fearing men, who selected only those of their own moral standard to run the Pony Express. Each man, upon entering the service, had to sign this pledge:

> I agree not to use profane language; not to get drunk; not to gamble; not to treat animals cruelly; and not to do anything incompatible with the character of a gentleman.

Most of them kept the pledge, the really notable exception being Jack Slade, who was a notorious desperado and cold-blooded murderer, and who was finally hanged after he had killed more than a score of people. The rest were faithful to their employers, loyal to one another, fearless before danger. The list of them is a long one and bears the names of some of our most famous scouts and guides of the West of frontier days.

The most renowned and probably the highest paid of them all was the Buffalo Bill of Wild West fame, who received $150 per month, in comparison with an average of about $120. Others were Charles Cliff, Johnny

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Fry, Harry Haff, James Moore, Jack Keetly, and Melville Baughn. Perhaps the most picturesque was Robert Haslem, known familiarly as "Pony Bob," a splendid rider, a courageous fighter—in short, a born pony-expressman. After the line was discontinued he rode for Wells-Fargo. He died only a few years ago at the mellow age of seventy-three.

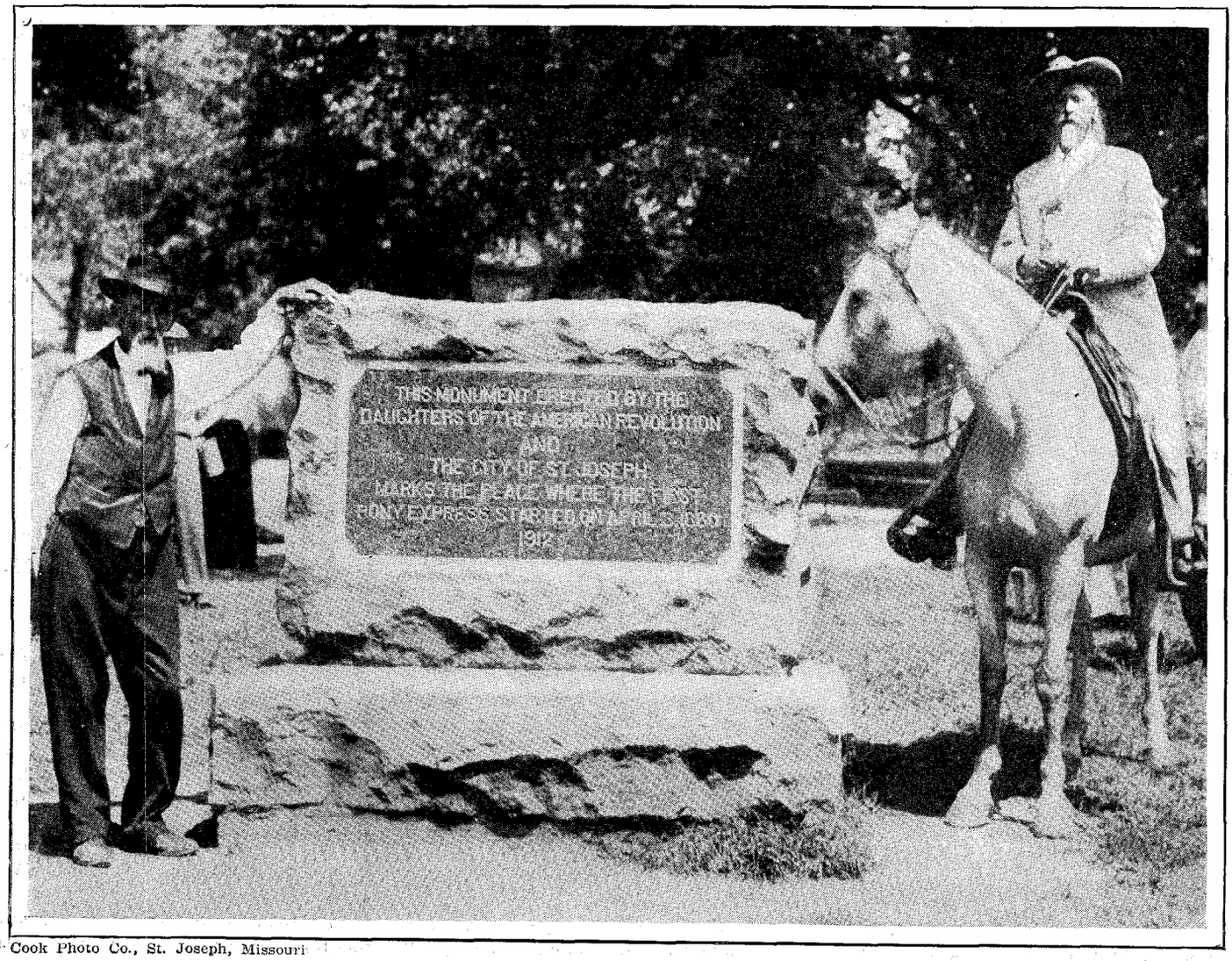
The Buffalo Bill of later years was only fourteen years old when he rode his first mount for the Pony Express. "Old Jules," the agent who employed him, first gave him a forty-five-mile run and three changes of horses—considered a comparatively easy task. But a few months after entering the service the boy asked for a transfer to a longer route—"a reg'lar man's route," he said—and was assigned to the one between Three Crossings, Nebraska, and Red Buttes, Wyoming, a lap of 116 miles. Soon after his entry into this fascinating calling Cody was compelled to make a trip of 384 miles, stopping only for meals and to change mounts. And a week later he had a narrow escape from death at the hands of Indians. Near a secluded spot called Horse Creek he was waylaid and chased by Sioux, but managed to outdistance his pursuers. But on arriving at the next station he found that the station agent had been murdered and all the stock stolen by another band of marauders. He was thus compelled to ride his tired pony many miles through hostile territory before he reached another station and secured a fresh mount.

And here let it be said to the glory of the men of the Pony Express that, while many were killed during raids by Bannocks, Piutes, Sioux, and Shoshones, only one mail was lost during the life of the service—an accomplishment at once brilliant and typically American.

Before 1860 the fastest mail stages took about three weeks to cover the distance between St. Joseph and Sacramento. When the Pony Express opened, its backers allowed ten days in summer and twelve in winter to cover the trip. Later the riders reduced that schedule to eight and ten days. The fastest time ever made was 7 days 17 hours, in March, 1861, when the riders carried the inaugural address of Abraham Lincoln. That they might perform this service there were installed 190 stations, presided over by 400 station men. Eighty riders and 420 ponies completed the personnel.

The Pony Express was driven out of existence in October, 1861, by the telegraph. The United States Government had offered a prize of $40,000 for the extension of the telegraph line to Salt Lake City. This feat Edward Creighton performed, and the California Telegraph Company carried the line to San Francisco, making of the Pony Express "one of the romantic ghosts of the old days of the Far West."

Like many other phenomena of the Old West, the Pony Express has passed away. Yet all who read this and those who will witness the momentary revival of that which was will surely realize the indomitable spirit that made the Pony Express an enterprise whose success in functioning typified the successful conquest of the land of Buffalo Bill.


THIS MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
AND
THE CITY OF ST. JOSEPH
MARKS THE PLACE WHERE THE FIRST
PONY EXPRESS STARTED ON APRIL 3, 1860
1912

Cook Photo Co., St. Joseph, Missouri

MONUMENT ERECTED AT ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI, IN 1912, MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE PONY EXPRESS STARTED, ON APRIL 3, 1860. THE MAN STANDING AT THE LEFT IS CHARLES E. CLIFF; WILLIAM F. CODY ("BUFFALO BILL") IS AT THE RIGHT. BOTH OF THESE MEN RODE FOR THE PONY EXPRESS

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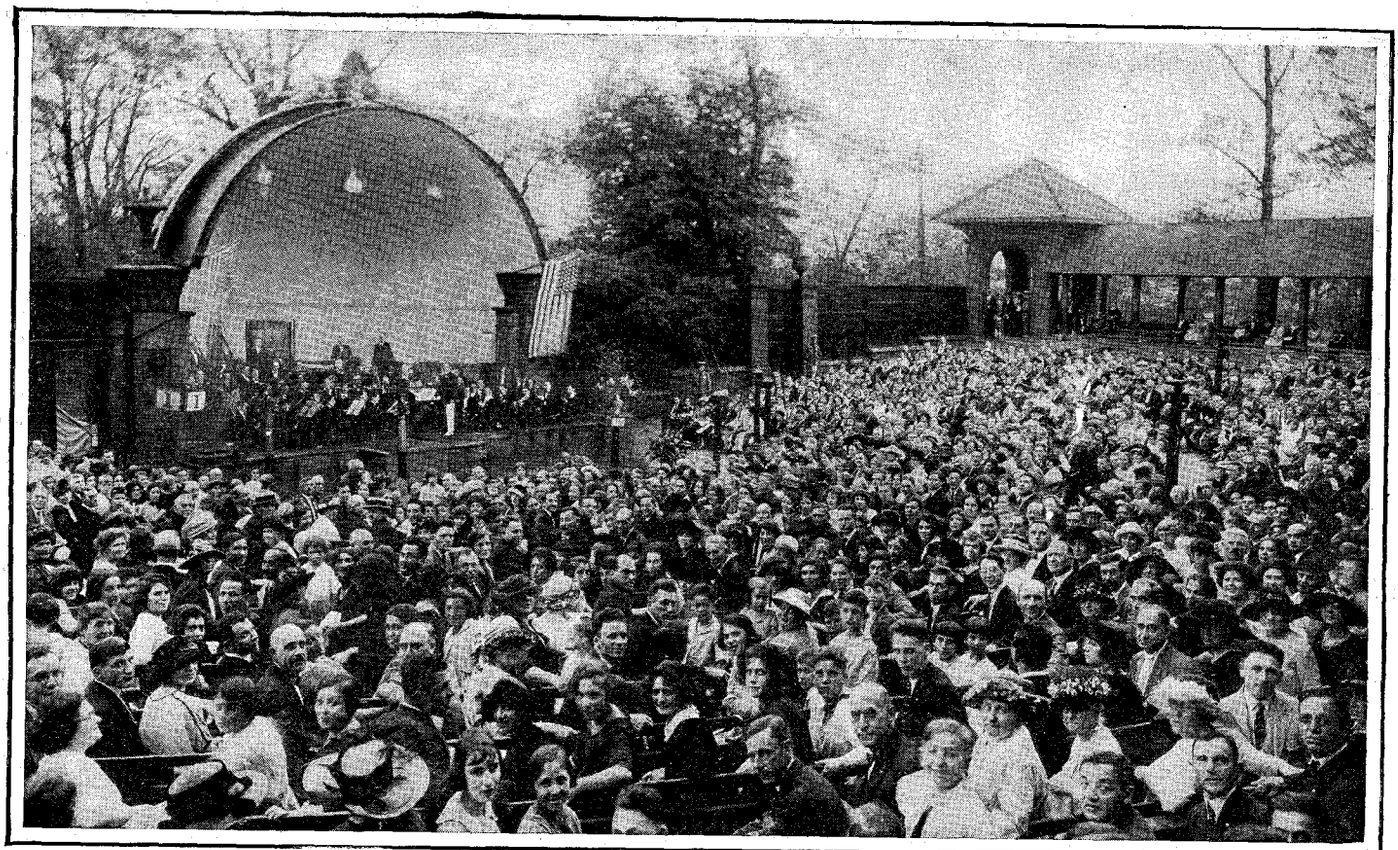


Photograph by D. Sargent Bell, Philadelphia

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN TWO PARTS. WHEN THE CROWD GATHERED AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, DURING DAYLIGHT, THE ORCHESTRA HAD NOT YET ASSEMBLED, SO THE PICTURE OF THE CROWD WAS TAKEN AND AFTERWARDS THE ORCHESTRA WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY A SEPARATE FLASH LIGHT

BRAHMS AND COMPANY AT LEMON HILL

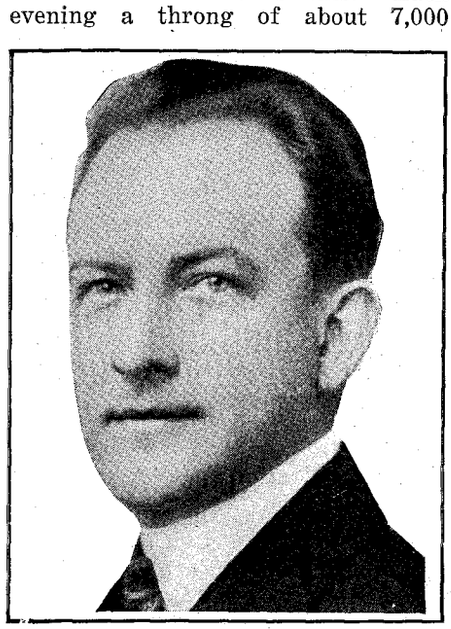
BY FULLERTON WALDO

IN Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on a forest-clad mound known as Lemon Hill, there is in progress one of America's most significant enterprises in the way of symphonic music for the multitude.

The assistant manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra, an enthusiastic Scandinavian named Louis Mattson, gives up his summer to it for virtually no stipend at all. The fifty players (including thirty-eight virtuosi of the Philadelphia Orchestra) have agreed to accept for wages the irreducible minimum which their musical union prescribes. Henry Hadley, the conductor, is taking as little money as the law of his own artistic being allows, and the soloists —of whom there are three a week, domestic and imported—are abating very considerably their usual fees.

All these concessions are made so that sixty-four concerts, of two hours' duration, may be given for the sum total of $40,000 appropriated after considerable haggling and niggling by the City Council. In that body a typical debate took place, in which the friends of the politicians and the friends of the people were hornlocked. The former growled that $40,000 was too much to pay to one organization for public music. What they thought, but did not openly declare, was that $40,000 would provide a number of minor clerkships for satellites of "the gang." They hated to think of all that money streaming by them, for æsthetics instead of politics, without their fingers in it. But the friends of the people had their way; and now, as they see what is happening on the broad crest of Lemon Hill, they are exulting in the victory.

For what occurs is this. Each evening a throng of about 7,000 gathers. About 5,000 of them find free seats in an auditorium open to the sky, with a shell for the orchestra. The others find standing-room at the rear. When it rained the other night, the listeners flocked back to wet seats and dried them with their own bodies as soon as the downpour eased off sufficiently. The silence is devotional. The assemblage seems to know precisely why it came, and to feel that it is getting what it came for. It is a wonderful thing to think that such a throng is pulled away from the counter-lure of the movies, or of the flivver, or of boating on the Schuylkill, or some other seasonal avocation, to such a spiritual form of public entertainment.



HENRY HADLEY

Friday night is symphony night, and then the programme is built round one of the immortal works of Beethoven or Tschaikowsky or Brahms. The silence is, if anything, more intense, the applause, if possible, more appreciative, than ever.

It is not claimed for Philadelphia that these Lemon Hill concerts are more remarkable or more creditable to the community which maintains them than the magnificent undertaking of municipal opera at St. Louis, or the fine orchestral concerts in New York at the Lewissohn Stadium, or other enterprises of the sort, near and far,

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in musical America. But it is fair to point out, in favor of what is going on at Philadelphia, that whereas in most other places there is a charge for admission, graded according to the location of the seat, in Philadelphia the music is heard for nothing, and whosoever will may take any seat he pleases if he is early on the scene. Or, for the price of a carfare, he may attend the excellent orchestral concerts which have been maintained at Willow Grove, just outside the city limits, these many seasons.

The programmes of the Lemon Hill performances contain much in the lighter vein, but there is always in evidence a classical leaning. A recent evening was begun with the triumphal march from "Aïda," and the lilting overture for Weber's "Oberon" followed. Then Mr. Hadley offered—aside from the set programme—a new march of his own writing, and, as a further interpolation, a Tschaikowsky "Andante Cantabile." A good soprano singer, Madame Betty Lionni, sang "Hear Ye, Israel," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Frank La Forge's dextrous arrangement of a Strauss waltz, "Vienna Forests." The "Caucasian Sketches" of Ippolitow-Iwanow were among the remaining numbers. A carefully annotated and well-printed programme was supplied to the auditors.

One of the most satisfactory features of these summer concerts is that they assist in maintaining the integrity and continuity of development of the Philadelphia Orchestra, from whose ranks the personnel of the park orchestra is so largely recruited. When symphonic music is resumed indoors at the Academy of Music in October, there will be no inconsiderable number of patrons whose musical education was measurably assisted, if not actually begun, at the summer concerts on the wooded slopes of Lemon Hill, almost at the city's heart.

"METHODISTS ON MONTE MARIO"

PROTESTS TO THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE OUTLOOK

In editorial correspondence from Rome by a member of The Outlook's staff, Elbert Francis Baldwin, several of the readers of The Outlook, some of them Methodists, others Catholics, have found occasion for complaint and protest. The fact that objections to the article have come from both sides against Mr. Baldwin's account of the controversy occasioned by the Methodists' purchase of the top of Monte Mario, overlooking St. Peter's in the Vatican, indicates that at least Mr. Baldwin's article was impartial. There was nothing further from Mr. Baldwin's or The Outlook's intention than to wound the sensibilities of any group of The Outlook's readers. So we have assured complainants. Loyalty, however, often sees insinuations where none exist. Whatever criticism was involved in the story of the controversy between the American Methodists in Rome and the Italian Catholics was directed not against the Roman Catholic or the Methodist Church as a whole, but against those engaged in the controversy. After re-examining the article we believe that offense has been taken, not from what the article states, but from what offended readers of the article have inferred. For example, when Mr. Baldwin speaks of "the Catholics," it seems clear to us that he is referring not to all Catholics, but to those Catholics of whom he is writing in particular. Similarly, when Mr. Baldwin says that doubtless the American Methodists expected to be a thorn in the Papal side, there is no necessary inference that they intended to be, but that they simply expected that to happen which always has happened when advocates of liberty as exemplified by Protestantism encounter traditions of authority as exemplified by Roman Catholicism. What else could they or any one else expect? The two letters which we print herewith we welcome to our columns, and we believe our readers will find them informative, as well as interesting. We express to the writers of them our appreciation of the courteous terms in which they couch their remonstrance.—The Editors.

I—FROM A METHODIST POINT OF VIEW

THE issue of The Outlook for July 25 contains an article written from Rome by your editorial correspondent, Mr. Elbert Francis Baldwin, entitled "Methodists on Monte Mario."

Permit me to express my keen interest in the discussion with which the article concludes. The statement of the bearing of the attitude of both Church and State toward the occupancy of a part of the Monte Mario hill by the Methodist school is well-balanced, acute, and signficant in its reasoning. Mr. Baldwin clearly sees the international as well as the ecclesiastical elements in the problem and states them convincingly. There are, however, certain other statements and implications in the article to which I beg to direct your attention.

1. The assertion that the Methodist Episcopal Church went to Italy—as it did more than a half-century ago—and that it is there now in spirit and in purpose to promote anti-Catholic propaganda is contrary to the facts. The purpose in extending the work of the Methodist Church to Italy was to develop an evangelical spirit and programme. In common with the Wesleyans of England, the Baptists of America, the Waldensians with their support in part from American Presbyterians and from others in this country, it has suffered from the organized intolerance of the ecclesiastical authorities of the dominant Church. This has been true, however, also in England, in the United States, in Germany. Where has it not been true that defense of the essentials of the Gospel as interpreted by the evangelical churches and the promotion of the free principles which inhere in it have stirred to indignant, if not vindictive, activity these same authorities? The intimation that the Methodists went to Italy with the expectation of being "a thorn in the Papal side" is unfounded. This is not a fair appraisal of the history of a half-century of sacrifice and devotion in a great cause.

2. To house "the very excellent boys' school started many years ago" the property on Monte Mario has been purchased. It was bought in the open in two or three parcels. It is not located on the summit of Monte Mario, but on the first reaches of the hill approaching that summit. It had been available within the sight of all Rome for centuries. Had it been desired for any purpose—public, private, ecclesiastical—doubtless it could have been secured. On a part of it the buildings for a sanitarium—now, after modification, used for the school—were years ago erected. The school will require a group of new buildings. It is the intention to provide them as required. They should be worthy of their setting and of their purpose. The managers of the school, in cooperation with the proper municipal authorities, should plan to make them so. This is the simple story.

There has never been in any of the plans, with which I have been familiar from the beginning, the suggestion of the erection of a great basilica. The talk about a cupola bigger than Michelangelo's is amusingly absurd. A distinguished layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, closely familiar with the past and present plans, writes, "Surely no Methodist ever dreamed of building a dome on Monte Mario surpassing Michelangelo's." If your correspondent had merely said that it had been rumored that such was the purpose, or even that it had been stated that such was the purpose, it would have seemed to me unworthy of remark. Since, however, he states that this has been said by one of the leaders of the Church, it is well absolutely and finally to dis-

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avow it, that it may be eliminated from all further consideration. Dr. B. M. Tipple, who was asked by the Italian Methodists to serve as the President of the school and is now officially holding that position, months ago wrote as follows:

> It has been said that we are planning to erect a church on Monte Mario that may rival St. Peter's. This is pure imagining—it is more, it is absurdity. Such absurdity could only be equaled by those who can imagine that Italian Methodism is capable of such a project. Why talk of such folly when every one who is intelligently informed understands that the Rome authorities must pass on all building enterprises?

3. A word is warranted apropos of the "Americanism" of Italian Methodism. The Methodist Episcopal Church has been developed in many lands, and American leaders and American resources have been potent in that development. But the Methodists of Scandinavia are not Americans—they are Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Finns. The Methodists of Germany are not Americans; they are to a man Germans. The Methodists of Italy are not Americans; they are Italians—as truly Italians as are the Waldensians or the members of the so-called State Church. Rarely in the half-century have there been at any one time even a half-dozen Americans connected with the Methodist work in Italy. The effort has been to use the resources, leadership, and experience from the Church in America in the discovery and promotion in Italy of the spiritual forces which may develop and express the essential belief and practice which belong, not exclusively, but really, to the movement of which the Methodist Episcopal Church is one expression. It is true that the leadership of the Church has been called into service. It is true that money has been provided and property placed at the disposal of Italian Methodism; witness, the churches and social centers in Naples, Rome, Florence, Savona, Genoa, Pisa, Trent, Gorizia, Trieste, Venice, Bologna, Bari, Turin, and other cities. It is true that when the Armistice revealed the challenge to America of devastation, poverty, need, from the first generous income of the Methodist Centenary funds, food, clothing, tools, to an amount running into the scores of thousands of dollars, were promptly sent to Italy, for which from royal, municipal, and national sources, as well as from the Italian Methodists, expressions of the warmest gratitude were received. It is true that co-operation of this kind must mean participation to a degree both in counsel and in execution. The delicacy of relationships involved, from both the political and racial view-points, is in little need of stress to those who are intimately concerned in these matters. Did your correspondent know, when emphasizing the "Americanism" of the Italian Methodist Church, that, with the exception of the President, every officer and instructor of the Instituto Internazionale on Monte Mario is Italian, that the only American under salary in the regular work is the pastor who conducts the English-speaking service in Rome and Venice, that every district superintendent is an Italian, that the treasurer who handles all the funds is an Italian layman, that the Finance Committee is made up entirely of Italians, that the delegates elected to the Quadrennial General Conference in 1924 of the whole Church are all Italians? These and the rest of the personnel of the entire work are "Methodists"—they are not "foreigners." Why emphasize a contrast between the Waldensian Protestant Church as Italian and the Italian Methodist Church as non-Italian when the facts belie the contrast? Consistently, the theory and purpose of the Methodist Episcopal Church is to develop, not an American Methodism in Italy, but an Italian Methodism in Italy, and keen observers will declare that rapid progress is being made toward that end.

Most earnestly one of the great evangelical denominations of the world has sought to place its resources at the service of the free evangelical spirit of multitudes of Italians who are not satisfied with the organized sacerdotal forms of religion. The purpose is profoundly sincere, the task is indescribably difficult. Are there cross-currents of national feeling? By wise patience they can be controlled. Are there critics of theory, of word, of practice? Straight thinking, right action, honest speaking, will be their answer. To that Church, and I may say to its appointed agency for the conducting of this great enterprise, constructive suggestion and criticism have been and ever will be welcome. You, sir, must be the judge of the value of your correspondent's communication to the enterprise in Italy and to the supporting constituency in the homeland.

FRANK MASON NORTH.

Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

II—FROM A CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW

I CANNOT refrain from expressing my indignation at the article "Methodists on Monte Mario." I ask you to imagine for a moment that you yourself are a Catholic. You may, if you will, consider yourself, under these conditions, as intelligent as Pasteur, as profound as Newman, or, if you will, as witty as G. K. What would your feelings be upon reading the above-mentioned article? What would be the feelings of an Italian gentleman? Perhaps you would consider his feelings very "Europian" like the famous Chollop.

I believe there is a large sum of money waiting for any one who can prove that the doctrine that the end justifies the means is a doctrine of the Catholic Church. You might suggest that your jaunty correspondent try to earn it. I believe that you do not wish to give offense. It has, however, for many years been a habit to let anything be said about the Catholic Church without comment or notice. Things are changing.

Allow me to give some parallels:

"With the dreadful doctrine of human depravity the Congregationalists. . . ."

"With the dreadful doctrine of salvation by faith alone without any good works the Lutherans. . . ."

"With the dreadful doctrine of infant damnation the Baptists. . . ."

I think if you printed any of the above statements, you would rightly be inundated with protests. Even should the description be true, the use of the words "dreadful doctrine" would "wound sensibilities." Where there is not a particle of truth in the description then the case is still more serious. This is particularly true of the Catholic Church, where there is an exact science of theology. It is hardly necessary for me to deny that "Catholics" have a popular theology. When any one holds erroneous beliefs, he is no longer a "Catholic." The doctrine that the end justifies evil means is a pure figment. No philosopher has ever had the temerity to teach it, for it is repugnant to the moral consciousness.

What they have taught is that where "the means" is neither good nor bad, *i. e.*, where it is indifferent, like walking, sleeping, eating, and such like, these things can be "sanctified" (in Protestant terminology), "justified" (in Catholic terminology, a mere matter of translating St. Paul's epistles). Do all things to the glory of God. This is surely a Christian principle believed by you as well as us. This justification of indifferent means that would otherwise be neither good nor bad is the little particle of truth on which has been erected a colossal misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine.

EDWARD HAWKS.

St. Joan of Arc Rectory, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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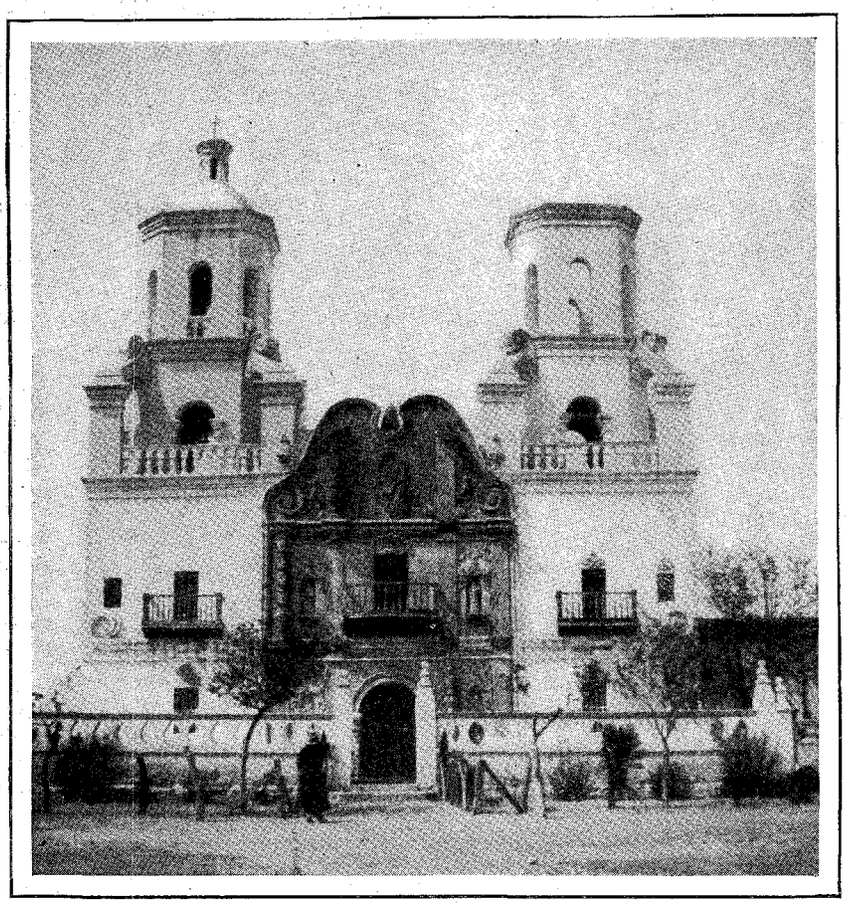
RELIGION AND ART ON THE DESERT



SAN XAVIER MISSION—TUCSON, ARIZONA—FOUNDED IN 1687

For 236 years it has stood, a sentinel of Christianity on the desert. Adjacent to it is a village of Papago Indians ("the baptized") who never went on the war-path until the Apaches three times attacked their beloved mission. Their children attend the mission school to-day

A PAPAGO INDIAN NEAR HER ADOBE DWELLING

She is making ollas or water-jars and other pottery, which is colored a deep, warm red. She is civilized enough to demand a dollar for posing!

From Janetta G. McGregor, Athol, Mass.

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THE BOOK TABLE

PHILOSOPHICAL LOVERS[1]

BY MADAME CHARLES BIÉLER, *née* MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ

IT was in the old Geneva home, on the shores of the Swiss lake, in the house where my father had written the "History of the Reformation." My mother said: "You are now twelve years old. It is time for you to stop lessons at home and to begin school, and I intend to put you in the hands of Mademoiselle Fanny Mercier, a mistress whom you will find very strict, but very capable and very fair. I hope you will prove worthy of such a teacher." A few weeks later my mother and I climbed the cobblestones of the steep, narrow streets leading to the St. Pierre Cathedral, and there, within hearing of those beautiful chimes, I entered a class in Mademoiselle Mercier's private school for young ladies.

How well I remember the long table, covered with green baize, the subdued little girls with flowing hair and short skirts, and, sitting at the far end on an armchair with a hard, straight back, our "very capable teacher."

She was small, with a sallow complexion, a long nose, a capacious forehead, and very small eyes full of fire, which made little girls tremble when there was any reason for a searching gaze. She had studied in German universities, and it seemed to us that there was no end to her encyclopædic knowledge. When she taught history and geography, her two great subjects, she gave us of course lists of names and dates and events wonderfully classified, but what she wished to impress on our minds was the intellectual and spiritual characteristics of each nation and each epoch. When she spoke of the wisdom of Confucius, or of the delights of the Hindu Nirvana, or of the mysticism of the Middle Ages, she would look up to the ceiling, showing only the white of her eyeballs, as if she were falling into a trance. But when the lesson was on Calvin or Cromwell, the frail form would stiffen its backbone and the marked features of that plain and expressive face took on a puritanic energy which made us gasp, and gave us an object-lesson on the unbending character of Huguenot and Roundhead which remained for life.

But girls in their teens rebel against study taken too seriously, and an undercurrent of silly jokes and irresistible giggling would run around the green-baize table so fast and so cunningly concealed that our teacher took no notice at first. But suddenly realizing that we were not following her into the Nirvana, or into the "categorical imperative" of Kant, she had to descend from these transcendental heights and distribute bad-conduct marks to those of us less successful than others in concealing our animal spirits. I remember that the mark was not half so bad to bear as the pained look in those expressive eyes, which seemed to say: "Those frivolous little girls! Shall I never succeed in lifting them up to a higher plane?"

One of our silly jokes consisted in covert allusions coming from some of the class, who knew our teacher in her private life, about a certain philosopher professor at the university, who was supposed to be an admirer at the same time of Mademoiselle Fanny Mercier, the dark and stern expositor of history, and of Mademoiselle Berthe Vadier, the fair and curly-haired little lady who taught elocution and literature and composed innocent plays for school theatricals. "He will surely marry the fair one," we surmised, "and her girls will win the day." "Don't worry," others retorted; "he cannot but marry *our* teacher, so much steeped in philosophy; there will be a wedding before long, and we shall get a holiday!" "Both sides are wrong," interposed the knowing ones. "People say that the Professor is so undecided that he can remain half an hour on his doorstep scrutinizing the weather, now catching hold of his umbrella, now laying it down, before coming to a decision. You will see that he will hesitate to the end between his two sweethearts, and we shall get neither a wedding nor a holiday."

In 1881 the class, duly "finished," was soon to leave school, when pangs of sympathy and remorse began to assail us. Our teacher had been so unique and conscientious, so kind at heart under that thin crust of superiority and reserve! Had we taken advantage of our great privilege, had we shown that woman with a keen intellect and a great heart our respect and our gratitude? She seemed lately in great trouble, her features looked parched, her eyes were melancholy; surely the reason was that her friend the Professor was failing. On May 11 the news of his death spread through the city. That day our teacher's eyes were red and swollen, and a pin would have been heard to drop in the subdued class-room.

After that day the sad, tired look never entirely left Mademoiselle Mercier's eyes, and we soon heard the reason. Not only had she lost her friend, but he had left her the legacy of sixteen thousand nine hundred manuscript pages containing a diary begun in 1847, when he was twenty-six years old, and continued up to his death at sixty. The Professor had left in his will these words addressed to Fanny Mercier: "You sometimes said you were my widow. I take you at your word and leave you the rights of a widow—my Journal and my correspondence."

When Mademoiselle Mercier's hard teaching day was over, every night, for four years after the death of her friend, she pored over these pages, blushing here, weeping there, shocked at one turn, overjoyed by some rare discovery at the next, busy selecting those extracts which were soon to come out under the title of "Fragments d'un Journal Intime" and flash the name of Henri Frédéric Amiel throughout the whole thinking world.

Feeling unequal to the task, she had sent a part of the manuscript, copied in her own hand, to Edmond Scherer, the great literary critic of "La Revue des Deux Mondes" and "Le Temps," imploring him to help her. "A posthumous publication," she wrote, "is such a delicate business. It is throwing open to the public the inmost recesses of a soul, a positive treason if it is not done by intelligent and faithful hands. Such a responsibility is crushing me. My own interest (perhaps I should call it my feminine instinct) would have been to watch over those intimate confidences, to embalm them in the secret plans of my meditations. . . . But if this has to go to print, I should wish that what is published of the 'Journal' should do good, should exalt souls, should initiate them to the healthy life, the pure life, the high life!"

When M. Bernard Bouvier (grandson by his mother of the great French preacher Adolphe Monod), then a young student, charged by his maiden relative to bring the precious bundle to Paris, presented it to Edmond Scherer, the great writer answered: "Take back those papers, young man. I have known Amiel and I have read his works. He has been unsuccessful in everything he has undertaken. Let his memory sleep in peace." But the young messenger would not be turned down; he insisted, left the bundle, and the following day Scherer wrote to Mademoiselle Mercier, "Send me all you can spare of that Journal." From that day that gifted woman and that

[1] Henri Frédéric Amiel. Fragments d'un Journal Intime. Edition nouvelle précédée d'une introduction par Bernard Bouvier. Trois volumes. Georg et Compagnie, Genève, Suisse.

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superior man began a correspondence which will some day be a wonderful sequel to the letters exchanged between Amiel and Mademoiselle Mercier. Scherer wrote for the first volume an admirable "Psychological Biography," which opened the series of character sketches written since by Renan, Bourget, Matthew Arnold, Gaston Frommel, and a host of other writers.

Amiel's fervent admirer never dreamed of an integral publication of the sixteen thousand pages of her friend's diary. Such a venture would have seemed to her a financial folly and a moral crime. So she set about her task with the following programme: "Omitting everything of a local or private character, the editors have chosen those pages which reflect most clearly the moral and intellectual personality of their friend, his great ideals, his broad outlook on men, on events, and on life. The book contains the confidences of a contemplative mind, of a philosopher to whom the aspirations of the soul are the sovereign realities."

So, with the reluctant consent of her learned adviser, Mademoiselle Mercier began that wonderful piece of feminine patchwork which came out in two volumes in 1883 and 1887 under the title of "Fragments d'un Journal Intime," and was soon after translated into English by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Every word of it is authentic, but the strict choice made with the wish of exalting a genius, the sentences left out, the widely separated fragments joined here and there, the attenuation of an expression judged too trivial, have certainly made a beautiful mosaic, but not perhaps as true a portrait of the man as might have been given if the artist had not been the loving, admiring woman she was.

Mademoiselle Mercier died in 1918, and left to her young relative, since become Professor of French Literature at the Geneva University, all the Amiel papers, with the wish that he should continue the publication. He set to work, and the three volumes of the "New Fragments" appeared a few weeks ago. They are hailed all over the world by the Amiel devotees with much enthusiasm and curiosity, for it is in certain respects a new Amiel who emerges from these volumes. An Amiel more human, with his well-known imperfections more clearly defined, but also with his intellectual genius and moral virtues enhanced.

I cannot close this notice without a last tribute to the teacher of my young days. No one knew Mademoiselle Mercier better than Henri Amiel; he constantly refers to her in his "Journal;" he calls her "dear Calvinist," "little Saint," "Sensitive," "Seriosa," "Fide," "Stoic," "Guardian Angel," and says of her things beautiful and true, like the following: "She is my particular friend, I call her my 'little Saint,' she calls me her guide. . . . She lacks perhaps in creative spirit, in congenial mirth, but she has brains, will, purity, and, greatest gift of all, an unswerving conscience, a rare moral sense. She is loyalty itself, courage, charity, fidelity. Is there a woman in all the world more truthful, as incapable, as she is, of the least deceit? Is there a soul who loves righteousness more absolutely, and who seems created for heroism as much as that poor little Calvinist, whose soul is all on fire, but a divine fire? . . . I admire in her that childlike simplicity coupled with a strong mind and a valiant character. That friend is indeed my conscience. And in that austere frame, in that soul of a stoic, there is a loving woman, a passionate woman, who strives to be nothing but soul, and cannot succeed. She is a religious drama."

The little girls in long hair and short skirts are now, many of them, mothers and grandmothers. They have built in their hearts a shrine to their teacher, and they are thankful to the compiler of the "New Fragments," who reversed the weeding process committed by "Seriosa" of all and every laudatory allusion to herself, and reintroduced in their setting the hymns of admiration dedicated by the bachelor Philosopher to his lady-love of twenty-five years.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

CITY OF LILIES (THE). By Anthony Pryde and R. K. Weekes. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

This is one of the best of the innumerable stories dealing with an imaginary small nation and the conspiracies of revolutionists against some autocratic king or duke. Stevenson's "Prince Otto" is the finest in texture and literary quality of all these stories; Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" and its sequel are probably still the best among those books that depend on plot for interest. The present story has the right to be ranked high in its class. It grows more and more tense and exciting as it develops, and it quite fully answers the main requisite for books of this type in that it keeps the reader in suspense and is ingenious and novel in the working out of the final happy conclusion.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

HUNTING A HAIR SHIRT, AND OTHER SPIRITUAL ADVENTURES. By Aline Kilmer. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

These are brief essays meant to be whimsical and quaint by turns, written by an author who is better known for poetry than for prose. The appeal in the best of Mrs. Kilmer's poems is in their unassuming naturalness, their directness and simplicity and unaffected feeling. These, we had come to believe, were the native qualities of her mind. And after a reading of the short prose pieces that make up the present volume we are of the same opinion. For here, where the effort is to put forward an offering of a different temper, the result is not convincing. The paradoxes and inversions that are the stuff of whimsicality and ingenious nonsense are handled with a certain spirited emphasis, but there is neither the ingenuity of thought nor the persuasiveness of manner necessary to the acceptability of such material. Essays of this character are nothing without style, and beyond a certain spiritedness of approach the reader does not feel in them the distinctive contours of an individual mind. A gay impertinence is achieved, but it is insufficiently sustained. In portions of the essays given over to narrative the author is mildly entertaining, but on the whole the papers are without distinction either in thought or style.

POETRY

BOOK OF LOVE (A). Translated by Witter Bynner from the French of Charles Vildrac. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Charles Vildrac is as definitely and passionately the poet of love—in its universal application—as Keats is the poet of beauty. Singleness of theme and a variety of aspects of the principle of spiritual kinship in humanity are the characteristics of this collection of Vildrac's poems, translated by Witter Bynner. An introductory note by Emile Verhaeren isolates the significance of Vildrac when it is pointed out that the French poet "simply and fervently engages us . . . to love beings and things," and that "wisdom, for him, is made neither of skepticism nor bitterness, but rather of courage, of confidence, and of joy." The note of evangelism reflected in that estimate is in the poems. Vildrac is a poet with a message, and there are times when he stops only a little short of the hortatory. But for the most part the poems are emotionalized episodes in his own or others' experience, all tending to reveal the essential kinship in humanity and the possibility of mutual exchange of priceless spiritual treasure. There is little in the way of linguistic beauty, of sudden light and lift from phrase or epithet; but the book as a whole is moving with the beauty of passion that glows behind the words. In a translator's note Mr. Bynner attests his efforts to retain the precise cadences of the original, and even its occasional rhyme and frequent assonance, rather than resort to an easy rendering in English free verse, wherein would be lost these characteristic features of Vildrac's poetry.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

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A TIME FOR CONFIDENCE

THREE successive times a half-dollar tossed in the air had shown "heads." An argument arose between the owner of the coin and his friends. The first student of the "laws" of chance insisted that the chances of the coin's showing "tails" on the next turn were better than a repetition of "heads" for the fourth time. His friend maintained that such an argument merely proved how foolish some people were in considering surrounding conditions of whatever undertaking they might be busied with, for the chances of "heads" were exactly as good the last time as the first time the coin was tossed.

All of which goes to prove that the sensible investor will not be misled in one direction because of misunderstanding the circumstances any more than he would allow himself to be side-tracked by closing his eyes altogether. If there is at present some timidity among certain investors, a feeling of depression, it does not seem to be warranted after a careful examination of the facts. As

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"Bradstreet's" points out (August 11), midsummer is the dull season, anyway, and the dullness this year "has been accentuated by the National mourning over the dead Chief of State." Again there appears to be for many a measure of disappointment in the railway situation, particularly for those who had expected great things from this direction after the railways' statements for April and May. And some are disturbed over the European situation by what appears to them a turn for the worse in the latest news from London and Paris.

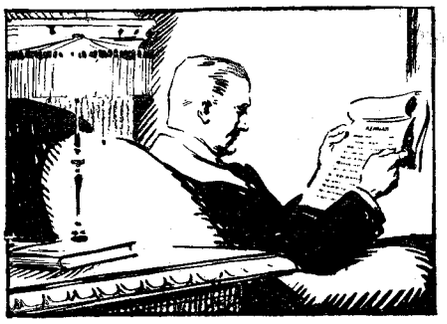
Yet a careful analysis of these things, and others too, shows no cause for pessimism, no reason why the conservative investor should keep under cover.

It has been a really remarkable transition that the country has made from one Presidency to another; remarkable in that the shock to a whole Nation has not violently disturbed the business world. In fact, the accession of Mr. Coolidge to the Presidency has created new confidence. Instead of becoming alarmed over the change in the Government, one might do better to rejoice in the sound basis on which our business is resting.

Speaking of the railways, the "Commercial and Financial Chronicle" (August 11) points out that there has been some disappointment because, "while there is again, as in the months preceding, improvement in both gross and net earnings, . . . this improvement is on a greatly reduced scale, and, what is still more important, not all parts of the country share in it." The fact remains, however, that net earnings, especially in the East, are shown by the June reports to have been satisfactory, except for those looking for a railway boom.

Walter W. Price sums up the matter pretty well in "Commerce and Finance" (August 8) when he writes: "Serious situations like that characterizing the Franco-British *impasse* at the present time or the grave apprehensions that are undoubtedly caused by the death of the Chief Executive are of course factors that have temporarily a depressing influence upon the market; but it is from the economic situation that deductions must be drawn as to the legitimate value of securities." He remarks that "investors who come into the market at times like the present are guided far less by those things which appeal to the emotional." In other words, while they know that certain circumstances exist, they appraise them at their true worth. They stop to think rather than guess.

Here are a few reasons for optimism as advanced by Mr. Price: a currency which is absolutely sound; a governmental treasury fortified to an extent which has never been the case



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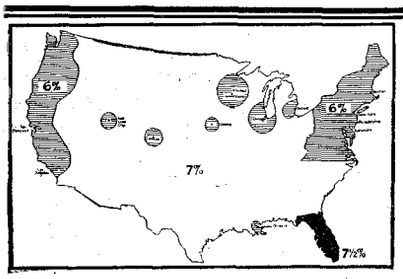

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

before; a banking system non-existent in pre-war years, the daily workings of which inspire increased confidence; large net earnings by industrial companies as well as railway companies; the spectacle of labor so fully employed as to make a rapid curtailment of business improbable owing to the immense purchasing power created by an active market; and a record for solvency throughout the business activities of this country.

STAND FIRM

YOUR editorial, "Poincaré and Baldwin," ends with the hope that France will continue to stand firm until she has made her point.

This echoes, I think, the feeling of a great many people who are rather quiet about it. H. H. RICE.

Cadillac Motor Car Company,
Detroit, Michigan.

THE FARM PROBLEM UNSOLVED

PEOPLE are starving in Germany, Austria, and many other foreign countries, and wheat is selling in Kansas because of a huge surplus, at 70 to 80 cents per bushel, or little better than two-thirds the cost of production.

The farmers of Kansas are not hungry, but they are "going broke" because at present prices they cannot pay their obligations.

Two years ago, when the markets made their heavy break, the papers were full of generous advice telling the farmers they must organize. Co-operation was the slogan. Every other business is organized, and the farmers must also organize if they would hope for relief. Well, they organized and organized, but where were the results?

A traveling man, while talking in a local store the other day, told us just why the farmers failed to get results. Yes, sir, the chump farmers organized, but "they didn't stick together." Then that traveling man gave us this dictum: "Make your organization a 100 per cent pool, and it will get results." Simple and plain, isn't it? And how strange that neither the farmers nor any of their organizers had thought of that before!

A, B, and C are well-to-do farmers. They could, and would, combine and hold for better prices. X, Y, and Z are not so circumstanced. They are just where A, B, and C were twenty years ago. Mr. X is a renter; bought his twine to harvest his crop, agreeing to pay for it as soon as he could thresh his grain. He also has grocery bills holding a similar promise. He simply must sell his wheat, whatever the price. Mr. Y is a young farmer just starting out for himself. He has obligations that must be met August 1 or September 1, so he too must sell very soon. Mr. Z has had sickness in the family, and has promised to pay the doctor's bill after harvest. Excessive rains damaged his crops badly, and, while he sold his grain, the proceeds did not quite pay his delinquent taxes. The doctor has kindly consented to wait until he can dispose of some stock.

A, B, and C could, and would, have made a 100 per cent pool. And X, Y, and Z broke the combination. While the above are hypothetical cases, they

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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered.

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Harmonizes travel and study. Rome, Florence, Paris, London. References required. Price includes travel, chaperonage, instruction in language, literature, art and history. Write for prospectus to Miss J. B. HERBERT, Director, 137-A Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WINTER ON THE NILE

Sailings: Jan. 5, 16, Feb. 23 and March 6, 1924. Our booklet, "To the Land of Tut-Ankh-Amen," gives fascinating details of these leisurely, luxurious tours to Egypt and Palestine.

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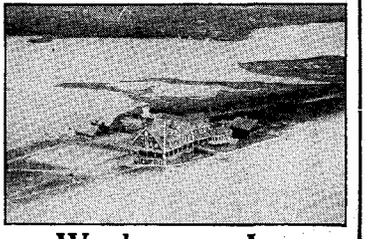

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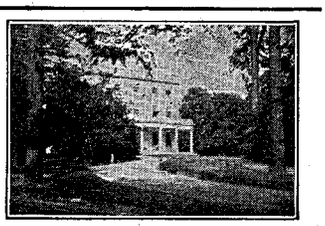

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Apartments

TO RENT—A Furnished Apartment from Oct. 1 to June 1. Two bedrooms, two baths, maid's room, living, dining rooms, and kitchen. Between Madison and Park, 50th and 86th Sts. Mrs. W. H. W., Riversea Club, Old Saybrook, Conn.

Country Board

LADY owning home in country would board and care for blind lady or semi-invalid. Ready October 1. References exchanged. Stonecroft, Route 3, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

COLLEGE woman owning old colonial mansion in the Berkshires has vacancies in Oct. for two children under 6; individual care and training, visiting physician, English nurse, French kindergarten governess. Home farm supplies. Financial and social refs. required. Inclusive terms $200 quarterly. 339, Outlook.

Board Wanted

Home and care wanted in refined family

by woman of culture, crippled, and unable to rise or stand. Must be lifted. Room on first floor essential. Also strong, willing devotion to her care. Within 50 miles of New York preferred; but any desirable place considered, wherever situated. Address 337, Outlook.

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TEACHERS WANTED. Desirable positions still open. Complimentary enrollment to college graduates. Address The Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. Miss Richards' Bureau, Box 5, East Side, Providence.

TEACHERS WANTED for public and private schools, colleges, and universities. Education Service, Steger Building, Chicago; Southern Building, Washington; 1354 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

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WANTED—Young woman, college graduate, for resident position, to learn executive side of school business. Must be interested in problems of resident girls. 4,115, Outlook.

A PROOF-READER wanted by New York organization, a woman, preferably a college graduate, experienced in reading proof and manuscript. Library experience desirable. An interesting opportunity. Apply, by letter only, to Miss L. M. Smith, Room 810, 30 Church St., New York City.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Two young women of intelligence and refinement, who have experience and liking for housework. Business hours. Rooms provided in the home or outside, as desired. Address Mrs. Arthur W. Gregory, 235 Girard Ave., Hartford, Conn.

NURSE, English, for boy two years old. Must be experienced, with best references. Mrs. G. C. Keefer, 180 Midland Ave., Montclair, N. J.

WANTED, in private family, New York, September 15, Scotch cook, English waitress, English chambermaid, Irish kitchen maid; also lady's maid and parlor maid. 4,102, Outlook

WANTED—Mother's helper in family where are no servants. Family consists of one child four years, one four months, father, and mother. Lovely home, permanent position, good wages. Please reply 4,107, Outlook, stating age, nationality, and experience.

WANTED, in September, intelligent young woman as companion to young boy and girl daily, except Sunday, from one until six; in Manhattan. Must be active, cheerful. Communicate by letter, Cuthell, Lake Waccabuc, Westchester Co., N. Y.

WANTED—Child's maid, companion or nursery governess for two little girls—elder at school. Home Philadelphia suburbs, South in winter. Must be Protestant, young, healthy, and cheerful, fond of children, some experience. Address Mrs. J. Hancock, Hotel Crestmont, Eaglesmere, Pa.

WANTED—A lady of refinement as assistant matron for girls' vacation house, by September 15. Address The Lodge, Farmington, Conn.

MIDDLE-aged woman to assist with housework. Opportunity for mother to be near son or daughter attending Pittsburgh universities. 4,119, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER-governess. Chiefly sixth grade. Family of headmaster of boys' school. Country. 4,090, Outlook.

WANTED, September, competent young woman to serve as governess and mother's assistant in modern farm home. School experience in primary grades necessary. Two children. Salary $60. Mrs. H. R. Norton, Hector, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

ORGANIST, A.A.G.O. woman, middle life, desires church organ, three manuals, location affording opportunity for teaching. Address 4,117, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARY-stenographer wishes position, with college or large school in September. Best references furnished. 4,060, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

WOMAN EXECUTIVE, experienced wishes post of responsibility in boarding school or institution. Accustomed to engaging and directing employees, handling correspondence and publicity, planning, and organizing. Can meet guests and patrons, purchase supplies, and arrange balanced menus. 4,106, Outlook.

REFINED young woman as social secretary or secretary in a school. Excellent references. 4,109, Outlook.

SECRETARY-executive, purchasing agent (wholesale connections), personnel assistant, notary. American young woman. $40 begin. 4,125, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED, middle-aged woman as managing housekeeper in widower's family. References required. 4,077, Outlook.

LADY, thoroughly qualified, desires position as housemother or as managing housekeeper in private home. References. 4101, Outlook.

ENGLISH WOMAN, 40, seeks housekeeper's post, preferably in school. Experienced and trained. Fluent French, moderate speed in shorthand. American references. 4,105, Outlook.

CHAPERON or hostess position desired by educated woman. Interested in young people. Housekeeping, shopping. 4,112, Outlook.

POSITION desired as companion by middle-aged lady of refinement. Would supervise housekeeping. 4,113, Outlook.

WIDOW (gentlewoman) and adult daughter will share work as caretakers apartment, owners going abroad. Unimpeachable references. Outside New England preferred. Reasonable remuneration. Write particulars EUROPE, Box 63, Middle Haddam, Conn.

WOMAN with executive ability, thoroughly trained in domestic science, budget system, and account keeping, wants position as manager or housekeeper in fraternity house or small club. Address Suite 1, 2344 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

LADY in reduced circumstances, has two small boys, seeks position as managing housekeeper-tutor. Speaks German, French. Graduate nurse. 4,124, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG man, 23, college senior, wishes to travel abroad in September as tutor or companion. References. 4,098, Outlook.

TEACHER-governess, experienced, good linguist. Backward children thoroughly trained. State salary. 4,058, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture and experience, lover and student of children, trained in modern teaching methods (Harvard Graduate School of Education), desires connection with private school in or near Boston. Experience: socialized class work 3d, 4th, 5th grades and with problem children. 4,127, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, mother's helper, companion: educated, experienced woman desires position. 4,118, Outlook.

COLUMBIA law student, former teacher at the Lawrenceville School, will be available this fall for part time employment as companion tutor for boy. Position offering living will be given preference. Excellent references. Write 4,120, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, woman, as teacher Bible, high school, college. One year post-graduate study in Bible; two years' residence in Bible lands. Experienced teacher. 4,122, Outlook.

PUBLIC school teacher desires to teach child in private family. Excellent references given and required. 4,121, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

GRADUATE nurse would take into her Philadelphia home one or more slightly deficient, delicate, or motherless children. Rates according to special care needed. Summers on a farm in New Hampshire. Excellent references. 4,056, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

ARE you living in the heart of a crowded city, or traveling, and wish to give your children a happy, wholesome home life? Mother and daughter, who love children and live in attractive suburb, near excellent private school, will make a real home for kiddies of school age. Mrs. Ruth M. Cogswell, 301 Alden Ave., New Haven, Conn.

RESEARCH work by scholarly woman: literature, any subject Genealogy. Accurate, experienced. Revision, typing. 4,129, Outlook.

THE FARM PROBLEM UNSOLVED

(*Continued*)

are none the less true of a Nation-wide condition. The co-operation of the merchant and banker are essential elements to make a 100 per cent agricultural pool possible. And, while such a pool would help in a measure, it could not restore agriculture to a normal condition.

The people of foreign countries are starving because those countries are bankrupt and cannot buy, and our agriculture languishes in obligations that it cannot meet and holds an accumulated surplus.

Yes, war is just what Sherman said it was. SIMON.

Rossville, Kansas.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH FARMING?

BY AUSTEN BOLAM

As a business man who is also unfortunate enough to own a farm, perhaps I may throw a side-light on this question.

What is wrong is merely the most fundamental principle of business.

It is an old axiom that "no man can be both buyer and seller," but farming must evidently be the exception which proves the rule, because the man who *buys* the farmer's produce is the only person who has any voice in fixing the *sale* price.

If as a farmer I bring my produce in to the local market town, nobody asks me what is my selling price. I must go to the buyer, cap in hand, and ask him what he will condescend to give. If I "trade" with the local grocer, he tells me what my eggs and butter are worth; I have nothing to say. But he also tells me what he is charging for the goods I take in exchange, and again I have nothing to say. I must take what I can get and pay whatever I am asked.

Perhaps this week he will "give" 40 cents a dozen for eggs. Next week they may be only 25 cents, but, whatever the price, he will make 10 to 15 cents a dozen just for handing them over the counter—often under my very nose. On the contrary, his tea, coffee, and other staples are sold at more or less fixed prices. Some of them don't vary a cent a year, and they rarely have any relation to the actual market prices which he pays his jobber or wholesaler.

Lately I paid 30 cents for a pound and a half of prepared wheat food, at a time when wheat was fetching about two cents a pound. I don't grow wheat, fortunately, but if I did, I might feel inclined to wonder what marvelous process this pound and a half had gone through that so enhanced its value?

If I send my fruit to a big city

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commission house, I am lucky to get back the price of the packages and thankful not to have a bill to pay for charges. I am told there is a "glut" in my kind of produce, which the same firm will probably buy on its own account and put into cold storage until prices rise. I have no redress, because under the present law I cannot compel disclosure of the buyer's name nor trace the actual price at which the sale was made. The whole transaction is wide open to fraud and collusion.

The apathy of the public is phenomenal. If I send a load of nice fresh garden stuff into the village, housewives will grumble at my prices, but will cheerfully go to the store and pay double for it, often half wilted and, to our ideas, unfit to eat. Large buyers will have crates of cold-storage stuff sent them from the city, but will not pay equal prices for fresh produce from the farm. Even one's friends feel they are doing a favor by taking your fresh produce at about thirty per cent less than city prices.

The man who expects to receive a return commensurate with his efforts from farming is a fool. If he devotes the same amount of energy to almost any other pursuit, he will be far better off. The mechanic at 75 cents an hour would laugh at the meager return the farmer receives for his time, capital, and energy. To-day the farmer who makes "room and board" for himself and family is doing excellently well.

How to change it? Frankly, I don't know, nor apparently does anybody else. The farmer was offered the sop of a high tariff on his produce if he would accept also a similar impost on manufactured goods. With the exception perhaps of the wool and sugar growers (both of whom are highly organized and fully represented in Congress) nobody has benefited by any perceptible rise in farm produce, while, on the contrary, everything a farmer needs has been or is being advanced in price.

Nobody desires to "tax the people's food." The public alone are responsible for the present high prices, built up by the accretion of unearned profits by unnecessary handling and rehandling of farm products on their way from the field to the table. Until some undiscovered genius presents a plan for overcoming this obstacle, I fear that farming will gradually go from bad to worse until it becomes a lost art.

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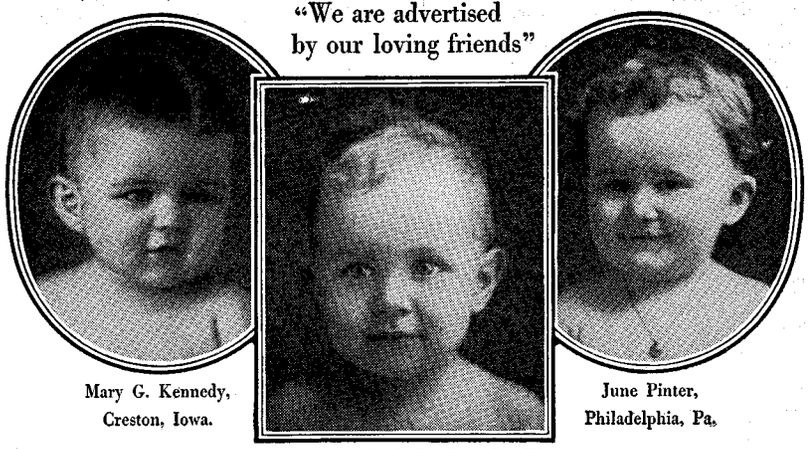

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JUSTICE TO OUR ALLIES

IN your editorial on "England's Business is Business," which appeared in your issue of July 18, you refer to England's present policy toward Germany as "a rather sordid outcome to a nobly fought war."

While England's policy may be sordid, is it any more sordid than the policy of our own country, whose only interest in European affairs apparently is to collect the money advanced to our allies? Is not the drastic attitude of France toward Germany partly due to our uncompromising demand that she pay the notes that she signed under the stress of maintaining her existence? Is it just that one ally, that fought only a few months after her partners had tired out the common enemy through the fiercest warfare of four years that the world has ever known, should demand an amount (politely called repayment of loans) from these allies which is equal in the case of England to nearly five times the sum demanded by Germany of France in 1870, and in the case of France to more than three times that sum? And this demand is made by a country that has grown inconceivably rich—compared with her allies—through the war, and that would have spent many times the ten billion dollars advanced to her allies had she taken up the burden when they did. A hundred years ago such advances were called subsidies, not loans, as when England advanced money to Russia to put men in the field against France, when she (England) was unable to do so. This money and these men were spent in waging war against a common enemy, without any expectation that either money or men would be returned.

I quite realize that, owing to political conditions and to the uncertainty of the outcome, these advances to our allies could not at the time have been called subsidies; the necessities of the case compelled our Government to call them loans. But now that the result is known, and it is apparent that the war has brought us wealth, instead of poverty, we can well afford to take an attitude that is not only just to our allies, but which is also good business—not sordid business, as is our present policy. Mr. Baldwin is right when he links interallied debts with reparations and security, and it is to be hoped that he will meet with hearty co-operation from our Government in dealing with these three great problems.

PHILIP W. HENRY.

New York City.

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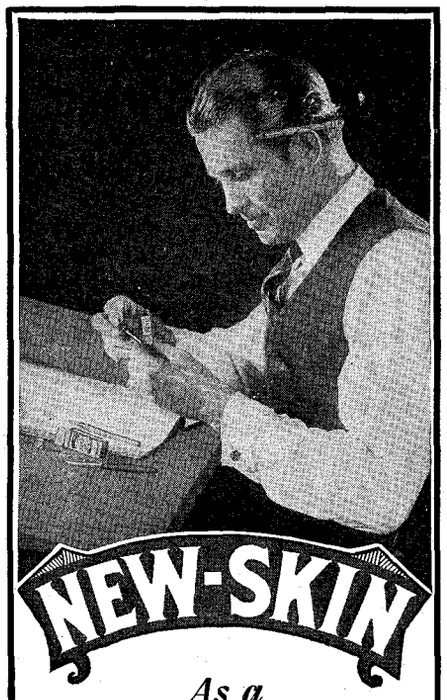

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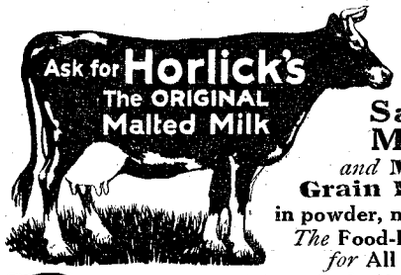

Safe Milk *and* **Malt Grain Ext.** in powder, makes *The* Food-Drink *for* All Ages

Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

BY THE WAY

A SUPERVISOR of American Relief Administration work in Russia tells of the difficulties of providing sufferers with clothing: "There were even cases where coats were put almost onto bare backs. That is why the peasants' wishes grew and grew. Having put on a coat, the man finds he has no trousers; having received trousers, he finds rags instead of stockings on his feet; having been provided with stockings, he begins to wish for a shirt. Being fully dressed at last, he remembers his ragged wife and children at home."

Another story from the American Relief Administration concerns so-called "moral defectives" among the children of Petrograd. "Our observations," says the "Bulletin" from which this story is taken, "lead us to believe that these children are far from being defective. They are children of the Revolution, gathered from the streets, and most of them have come into our Homes branded as thieves. It was noticed that part of the children were steadily losing weight and growing emaciated. After an investigation it was found that the children were playing among themselves a game of chance, with our food as stakes! The children who lost, and who showed no improvement as a result of our feeding, were actually going daily without food, that they might vindicate their honor among their fellow-thieves. A general meeting of the children was held; the teachers explained that it was not ethical to accept food from the A. R. A. and then not to use it in the manner intended. The children caught the idea, and, by general consent, all old debts were wiped out."

The children above described, it seems, after gambling their food away, would by lightning-quick sleight-of-hand changes substitute an empty bowl of porridge for a full one under the very eyes of the teachers, without being detected. Underneath each table, moreover, nails had been driven on which the losers in the gambling game could fasten the bun which they had lost, the lucky companion later collecting it. Under this system the lucky ones grew fat and the unlucky ones starved, but the compact was kept!

From the Pittsburgh "Chronicle Telegraph:"

"A new automobile, it is announced, is planned to be driven from the back seat." And lots of husbands will rise to inquire, "What's new about that?"

"Noting the limousines driven by his fellow-workers in the coke ovens at Gates, Pennsylvania," a despatch to the New York "Tribune" says, "a coke-burner at that place went to New York this week and returned with an airplane in which to fly to and from his work. He thus takes unchallenged his position as the most modern of the modern and affluent gentlemen who earn their daily luxuries by toil. Aside from the utilitarian value of the craft, he intends to use it on his pleasure jaunts. He can attend any Sunday baseball game from New York to Chicago, and be at work on Monday when the whistle blows."

Colonel Repington, in his book "After the War," relates an anecdote about Jules Ferry's shooting exploits. "He fired at anything anywhere, and generally hit somebody," he says. "One day Waldeck-Rousseau was the next gun. Ferry fired, and W. R. fell into a ditch, nothing being visible but his boots. People ran up. 'Are you hurt?' 'No; nothing at all.' 'But why—?' 'Because that fellow has another shot to fire.'"

Two "darky" stories heard by Colonel Repington during his visit to America are quoted in his book:

Two blacks were disputing whether the sun or the moon was of most value to the earth. Finally they agreed that the moon was, because it shone when it was dark!

A darky came up for trial for stealing a chicken. Judge—"Have you a lawyer to defend you, prisoner?" Black—"No, Judge; I wanter keep dis chicken."

The following curious "Personal" appears in the London "Daily Telegraph:"

> INTERESTED.—The gentleman who aroused your curiosity yesterday by eating Mustard with his cheese is by no means alone in his taste. Cheese digests everything except itself. Mustard digests the cheese.—ETIQUETTE.

"Most of our people live in what is known as the 'open country,' with plenty of elbow room and a chance to move around," says the "Rural New Yorker." In order to show some of these people how the other half lives in city sky-scrapers that journal publishes the following statistics: The Woolworth Building in New York City houses approximately 12,000 people; the Singer Building, 2,323; the National City Bank Building, 2,500; the Metropolitan Building, 8,623; the Equitable Building, 13,500. In the last-named building there are 63 elevators, and about 200,000 people pass through its corridors every day—or a larger number than are contained in the entire States of Nevada and Wyoming.

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